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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Wreck of the Air Mail

By W. B. Court

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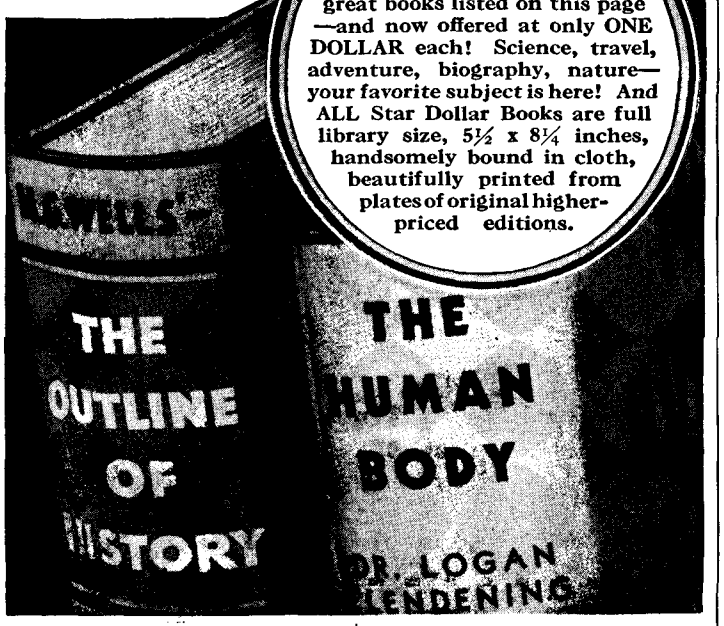

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN a nice girl sets out to play the part of one not so nice, she's likely to find trouble ahead. There is the awkwardness of virtue, for one thing, and the chance that she may be taken at face value. But Sally didn't think of that. She wanted revenge—revenge for her sister by whom the first officer of the Avatar had done less than was right. She wanted to do him down, to trim him high, wide and handsome, and—emphasizing her point—to get him beat up.

Roland Pertwee describes her revenge in a brilliant Australian love story called "Sailors Forget."

In 1932, when Mr. Theodore Gilmore Bilbo quitted the governorship of Mississippi, later to become a United States senator, the treasury of his home state was little better than a yawning cavern. In fact, it was worse—there was a deficit of some seven million dollars. For a state that numbers only slightly over two million citizens (half of them colored), that's bad. It's almost enough to make you give up; that is, if you are a lesser man than Governor Mike Conner. Mr. Conner set about filling the treasury and he has done very well. The secret of his success is divulged by Walter Davenport in "Easy Come," the story of the sales tax in Mississippi.

YOU will remember, if, as we recommend, you have read the stories in this issue before reading this column, that the uncle of charming Miss Mott is the celebrated Inspector Wragge of Scotland Yard. Next week Mr. Oppenheim will show you the inspector dining with London's five most desperate criminals and being saved from a disagreeable death by "The Magic Popgun."

PERHAPS you have noticed that for the last few years dictators have been the style abroad. Those countries that haven't one in power have one or two in embryo. Is there anything to be gained by trading a constitutional government for a dictatorship? Winston Churchill gives you his answer in a candid and stimulating article.

AND as a relief from the pressing problems of today we prescribe "The Angels Ride with Mosby," a thrilling story of the Civil War by MacKinlay Kantor, author of "Long Remember."

KYLE CRICHTON introduces Ethel Merman. George Brooks contributes a touch of romance. Anthony Veiller writes the Short Short Story, and May Edginton and Alan LeMay develop some new and dangerous serial curves. Take them in high.

This Week

●

February 9, 1935

Cover by Rosalie Rush

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Ask Miss Mott. **Mystery and romance in the person of a sinister and courteous criminal.** **Page 7**

W. B. COURTNEY
The Wreck of the Air Mail. **The eagle's ready to fly again.** **Page 10**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Shooting Stars. **Presenting the directors of Hollywood.** **Page 12**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Man Who Talked to Himself, **by Wallace Irwin.** **Page 13**

FRANK LEON SMITH
The Marquis of Quicksilver. **Irresponsible, irrepressible and, in brief, irresistible.** **Page 14**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Food for fact fanciers.** **Page 16**

ALAN LeMAY
The Smoky Years, Part V. **Gun smoke gets in your eyes.** **Page 17**

THOMAS McMORROW
The Sign of the Scorpion. **The stars in their courses fight for the New York police.** **Page 18**

DOROTHY DUCAS and ADELE BROWN
Good and Plenty. **Eat American.** **Page 20**

MAY EDGINTON
Woman of the Family, Part VII. **Pity the rich working girl.** **Page 21**

T. R. YBARRA
The Watch on the Rhine. **Arms and the German.** **Page 22**

KYLE CRICHTON
Slippy Go Down. **The ski's the limit.** **Page 24**

EDITORIAL
We'll Have Our Way. **Page 54**

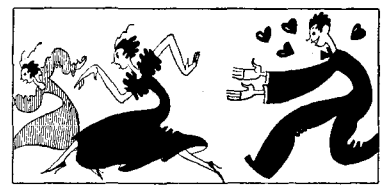
●

Any Week

WE had just settled down to enjoy 1935 when Mr. Harry E. Royse's letter arrived. In fact, we had just mentioned to our secretary that here we had the makings of as fine and fruitful a year as we had seen for a long, long time. Then we opened Mr. Royse's letter. He lives in Indianapolis, which doubtless accounts for the grandeur of his vocabulary. With the full force of Indiana's literary impetus he hauls off and has this to say about our New Year's cover: "Horrendous indeed must be the portent of 1935 if the cover for January 5th is anywise representative of its aspect. This hideous, repulsive, reptilian monstrosity is suggestive of the slime of a lizard, the venom of a cobra and the loathsome voracity of a mongoose, as it is catapulted out of a dismal past represented by a clock of ancient type and clutches a squeaking victim with the gaping mouth of a crocodile, the body of a fowl and the tail of a despicable rodent. Even the—"

REVIVED by a doctor hastily called in, we had just strength enough left to dictate a biting denial to Mr. Ben V. Gates of Kansas City, Missouri, who asks us whether we ever pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals. We never pitched even for the Philadelphia Phillies. Very few men have.

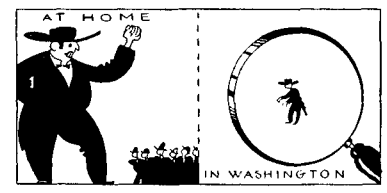
"I HAVE often wondered," says Miss Una G. Hoffacker of Nashville, Tennessee, "whether writers of love stories are married. I often doubt it on account of the way these writers make their heroes make love to the heroine. If one of these story heroes acted at me the way he does in stories I would probably scream for help or start running until I found a policeman."



SLOWLY regaining our strength, we manage to read through a letter from Miss Bernice O'Laughlin of Washington, D. C. Miss O'Laughlin says that "the Hon. Jim Farley will soon come in very handy because of his experience in New York as boxing commissioner. Hardly a day passes that some congressman from the north doesn't challenge some congressman from the south because the latter insists that his constituents ought to get more government money than the other fellows. What," demands Miss O'Laughlin, "became of Connecticut's plan to send Gene Tunney here as congressman at large?"

OUR memory, superb as it is, is not long enough to recall a day when some reader did not call upon us to "face the facts." But, according to Mr. L. Leonard Briscoe of Santa Clara, California, it's a lost art—and Mr. Briscoe thinks that an effort to remedy the situation should be made. "I am sick and tired of listening to orators and statement-writers cry, 'Let us face the facts.' Nobody is stopping them. Right after saying that they ask us, 'What are the facts?' And then as nobody has a chance to answer they go ahead and make up a few facts and ask us to face them. It's a fact. Try and face it."

MAYBE Mr. H. P. Blue of Evansville, Indiana, has an idea. "Everybody," thinks he, "should go to Washington, if it is only to see the difference between his congressman there and at home. The trip east sure does shrink the big fellows."



AND according to Mr. Grange Lempert of Tacoma, Washington, there is a lot of dirty un-American work going on out there. "A bunch of highbrows," says Mr. Lempert, "are trying to tell us that economy and efficiency demand that we do away with our county and township system of government and substitute a new seven- or nine-district plan. This would abolish all our county political jobs and put an end to all the patriotic duplications in local government and local taxes. I asked several supervisors, sheriffs and legislators about it, and they tell me the whole thing is the work of red Russian radicals. Visitors think every day must be Flag Day out here. It is just our politicians waving Old Glory and saving our institutions—and their jobs. It's awful."

ANOTHER dirty trick has been exposed by Mr. Harry Melody of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Melody sees in President Roosevelt's decision that local governments take care of their unemployables a nasty plot to take "bread and butter out of the mouths of our city and county jobholders. Our politicians," continues Mr. Melody, "have a hard enough time squeezing money out of the taxpayers for their own pockets. Now they will be expected to divvy up with the unemployables. Besides, where are these unemployables?"

TRY City Hall.

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Walter P. Chrysler's Answer to AMERICA'S CRITICAL TRAFFIC PROBLEM..

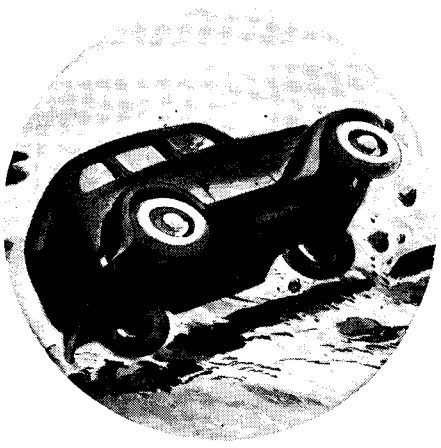
This Revolutionary New High-Speed Safety Car

With 21 million cars crowding the highways... it was time for someone to build a "Safety Car."

IT HAD TO COME! Motorists wanted it. Safety Councils demanded action. Somebody had to make motoring safer on today's traffic-jammed highways and crowded city streets.

That's the dramatic story behind this new Plymouth. Now let us tell you how it differs from your present car.

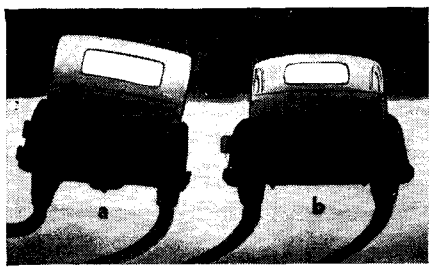
With its new high speed, this revolutionary car gives you instant get-away when the light goes green — the quick *mobility* to meet any sudden traffic emergency.



Testing Plymouth's All-Steel Body. This year's Plymouth Body is stronger than ever.

This year, the Plymouth engine has been remarkably improved. It delivers more power than ever—yet it actually cuts gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%.

We say this without reservation: *the 1935 Plymouth is the most economical full-size car that you can buy today.*



Old-fashioned car (a) sways on curve. New Plymouth (b) takes same curve, no sway.

This New 1935 Plymouth Offers You:

New high-efficiency Engine . . . of advanced type . . . gives more power on 12% to 20% less gas and oil.

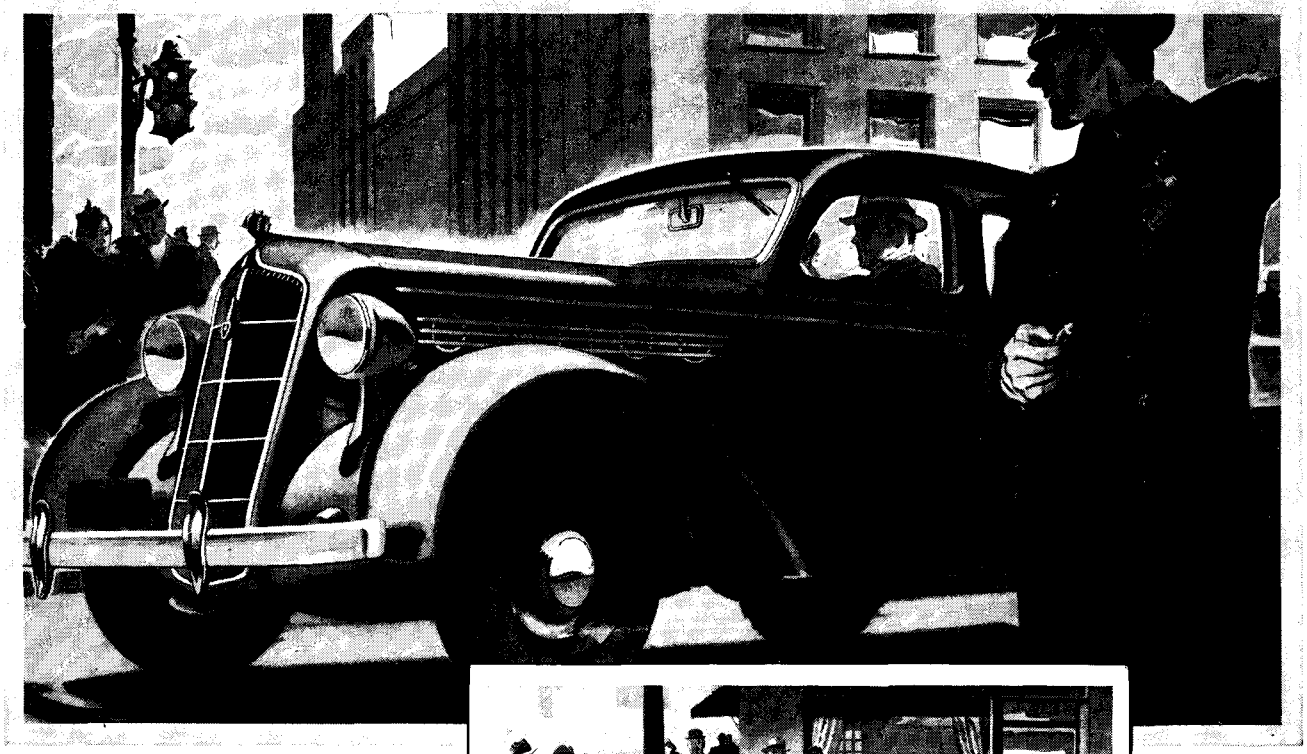
Highest Compression Ratio of any low-priced car . . . without the penalty of premium gasoline.

New Torpedo-type Body of Safety-Steel construction.

New Syncro-Silent Transmission ends gear-clash. New clutch requires 30% less pedal pressure.

New-type Mola Steel Front Springs and New Weight Distribution give amazing "Floating Ride."

Improved Hydraulic Brakes — larger braking area.



ABOVE: Swift, beautiful, responsive . . . on highways or city streets...rough roads or smooth . . . the new 1935 Plymouth.

•

LEFT: New improved Hydraulic Brakes stop this 1935 Plymouth at the touch of your foot . . . quickly, smoothly.

You've never driven a car like this. It's positively uncanny . . . the way it rides.

Gone is the jolting and bouncing that used to tire you out. It's a completely new sensation in motoring enjoyment.

Plymouth engineers developed this "Floating Ride" by doing four things.

First, they equalized the load on the springs. Next, they perfected new-type front springs made of Mola Steel. Then they developed a new sway-eliminator . . . and added double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers.

This new car has more square inches of braking surface . . . centrifuse drums on all models . . . the *safest* brakes made.

No picture can do full justice to the sheer beauty of the new 1935 Plymouth.

The interior is much roomier, back and front. Plenty of room for five full-sized people to sit in the utmost comfort.

And remember this: the Plymouth body is ALL-STEEL . . . welded into one solid unit for your protection on the highway.

All Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers have the 1935 Plymouth models on display. See them today. Ask for details of the easy time payments on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY **$565** AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

World's Safest low-priced Car

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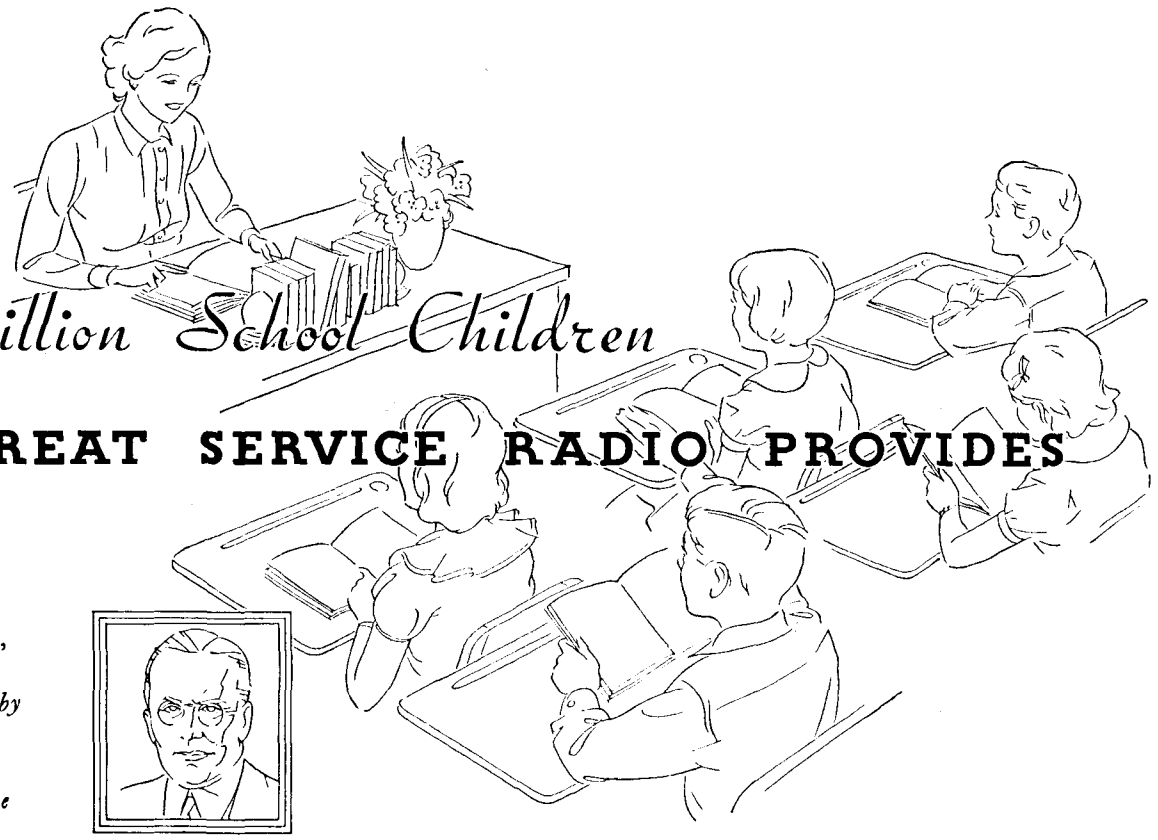


Twenty-Six Million School Children

NEED THE GREAT SERVICE RADIO PROVIDES

The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, founded to improve radio conditions, presents the following Message to Parents by
JAMES FRANCIS COOKE
President of The Presser Foundation and Editor of The Etude Music Magazine

"Out of the vast ocean of radio programs that flood the ether daily, there are many programs of outstanding educational and artistic importance. America far and away leads the entire world in this respect. The Radio Institute of the Audible Arts has as one of its projects a plan to enable the public to pick out these valuable cultural broadcasts so that this privilege of our modern civilization may be more readily and profitably enjoyed.

"Educators throughout centuries have extolled the value of music in child life. It is clearly the primary duty of every parent to direct the child to do what is good and protect him from what is harmful. Even wild animals and birds have this instinct.

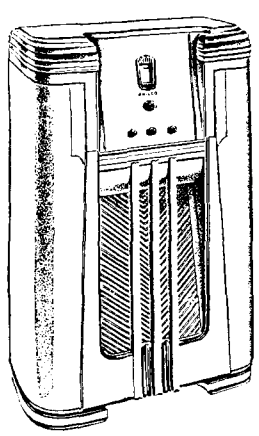
"Do not deny your children the fullest musical opportunities. Fine music will enhance their joy of living, quicken their intellects, exalt their ideals, elevate their appreciation of beauty and help solve the growing problem of vastly increased leisure.

"Radio today is one of the great vital elements in promoting and fostering musical education. Every one of America's 26,000,000 school children can now hear music of the masters.

"Through the radio, the appreciation of good music has advanced more during the last ten years than in the previous ten centuries. It has developed a new desire to study the fascinating art through a musical instrument which, in turn, makes all radio programs far more enjoyable. This is clearly shown by the large numbers of people, young and old, now taking up music study.

"Therefore, the receiving sets, large or small, must be of the highest tonal perfection and efficiency, to get adequate results. The public should know that the set with the larger 'baffle board' (front surface) naturally produces superior reception. Inferior sets do untold damage to the child's tonal perception, as well as to the nervous system, by painful distortion of even the best broadcasts. The best sets are now like opening a door to the very room in which the broadcast is given.

"Every parent and Parent-Teachers' Association should insist that every schoolroom be radio-equipped, so that every child in America may become familiar with the great music of the past and present. By promoting this, you will not only be furthering the aesthetic development of your own children, but also the educational, cultural and social development of our America."—James Francis Cooke.



PHILCO 16x . . $175

This new radio provides world-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction. (1) Its slant directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness, otherwise lost. (2) Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth. As a result, all music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

American and Foreign Receivers $39.95 to $600 . American Broadcast Receivers $20 to $200 . Automobile Radios $39.95 to $85

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Ask Miss Mott

"My business," he said, "is crime." And so it began—one of the strangest adventures that ever befell the girl known to Scotland Yard as Detective Wragge's niece

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

"The letters are in that drawer, and I am afraid that I must ask you to hand them over to me"

MISS MOTT looked up quickly at the sound of the knock at her office door. She had been engaged in the typical task of writing her advice to a young woman whose courtship affairs had become involved, and she had rather forgotten the flight of time. Her typist had gone, her messenger boy, and the lame but very pleasant young clerk who assisted in her various activities. In other words, Miss Mott was alone on the top floor of a building not far removed from the Adelphi and, the hour being long past office hours, she was not expecting a caller.

"Come in," she invited curiously.

From that moment onward, strange things happened. First of all, the door was opened. Then a man, crouching so that his face was hidden, slipped in and, moving to the switch, turned out the light.

"What do you want?" Miss Mott demanded, alarm in her tone.

There was no immediate reply, nor, for some reason or other, did Miss Mott expect one. Congratulating herself upon her presence of mind, she pulled the table telephone instrument toward her, and lifted the receiver. There was no answer—a curious deadness, in fact, at the other end of the line. She peered forward through the gloom and, although the sensation was unusual with her, she began to be afraid. Her visitor had donned a mask of some light color. He had now locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and was leaning back in the easy-chair which she kept for the more distinguished of her clients.

"I shouldn't worry about that, if I were you," he suggested, with a wave of his hand toward the telephone. "I've cut the telephone cord."

"Then you were guilty of a very impertinent action," Miss Mott declared with spirit. "Who are you, and what on earth can you want with me?"

"Keep calm, I beg of you," he enjoined. "Do you suppose that I should be likely to mount all these stairs, and pay you a visit at this inconvenient hour of the evening without wanting something? If you wait for a few moments in patience, you will certainly hear what it is."

"Wait for a few more moments," Miss Mott lied courageously, "and my secretary and clerk will both be back."

He laughed derisively, but not unpleasantly.

"My dear young lady," he pointed out, "since when have your secretary, and your messenger boy, and your director of intelligence, as I suppose you call the lame youth, returned at something after eight o'clock, when you have once dismissed them? They have all three left for the night. You are here, utterly alone, busily engaged in completing your column for 'Home Talks.' In other words, you are delving into other people's troubles, and answering the long string of queries which you invite every week under the heading of 'Ask Miss Mott'."

"You seem to know a great deal about my business," she remarked icily.

"Only," he assured her, "since you began to interfere in mine."

SHE liked his voice, and she was not in the least alarmed now, but she realized to the full the unusualness of the situation.

"Perhaps you will tell me," she invited, "when I had the misfortune to interfere in your affairs."

"I am coming to that," he promised her.

"Couldn't we have the light on?" she begged. "I don't like sitting in the darkness with a stranger on the seventh floor of a deserted building."

"Compromising, my dear Miss Mott, I admit," the voice from the shadows acknowledged, "but necessary. I am a very shy person, as most criminals are. My mask may disguise my features, but I cannot afford to give you the opportunity of taking note of other details of my person."

"You are sure that you are a criminal?" she ventured.

"Absolutely certain," he assured her. "Really, I should be a godsend to you. Not only am I a criminal, but I am a member of a gang which is very seriously looked upon by the police. If you were in the fortunate position of being able to deliver me up to justice, I have no doubt that you might commence your career auspiciously by touching several rashly offered rewards."

"Then, if that is really your position, why are you here?" she demanded. "I have nothing worth stealing, and I imagine a nicely brought-up criminal doesn't go about frightening young

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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women, unless there's something to be gained by it."

"Very well put, Miss Mott," he approved. "I will tell you why I am here. It is to stop your interference in my legitimate business."

"But how can I have interfered with your business," she argued, "when I don't know what it is? And, furthermore," she went on, "if you have a business, how can you be a criminal?"

"My dear young lady," he remonstrated, "my business is crime."

"Then what is your business with me?" she asked him point-blank.

He settled himself down more comfortably in his chair.

"I will explain," he promised. "You have, I understand, for several years, conducted an extraordinarily successful column in a paper called 'Home Talks.' You give advice, chiefly, of course, to members of your own sex, who are in difficulties with their lovers, husbands, cookery or wardrobes. Excellent, so long as you stick to that. Lately, however, encouraged by certain minor successes, you have gone farther afield. You have placed yourself privately at the disposal of your clients who find themselves in any sort of difficulty whatsoever. In pursuit of your vocation, you have engaged a small staff, and you now call yourself, I think, an 'Intelligence Agent.'"

"That seems to me a very reasonable definition of my activities," Miss Mott admitted coldly.

"I will not quarrel with it," he agreed. "You must permit me to point out, however, that you fly a little too high when you interfere in the enterprises of anyone so well known in the criminal world as your humble visitor."

"Who are you then?" she inquired.

"I have many aliases," he confided. "The one under which you would know me best, perhaps—but, wait a moment."

HE ROSE to his feet, and moved toward her. She was conscious of a sudden shiver, which, if it were not of fear, was certainly of some kindred excitement. Her pulses were stirred. She felt her heart beating more quickly. He made no attempt to come round to her side of the desk, however. He leaned over it, his eyes, through the slits in his mask, taking swift and appreciative note of her. She caught a gleam of something white in his hand, and was at once aware of a waft of delicate perfume.

"Violet Joe!" she exclaimed. "You are the man who is blackmailing—"

"Hush," he interrupted. "One of the first lessons of our profession—yours and mine, I mean—which must be learned and adhered to, is 'no names.' I have a great many more serious crimes charged against me than the present one, but you may take it that it was from my agent that your messenger procured that little packet of letters yesterday afternoon at the Black Boy Inn at Cobham. I must congratulate you upon the idea. It was indeed a very cleverly thought-out piece of work, and I can assure you that it goes very much against the grain with me to insist upon having them back again."

"So that is what you have come for!" she exclaimed.

"That is what I have come for."

Miss Mott was not feeling quite so comfortable. She had an uncle in Scotland Yard who was fond of telling her stories about the famous criminals of the day, and she had heard some very ugly tales indeed about the gang with which Violet Joe was connected. She dimly remembered that a reward of a thousand pounds had been placed upon the head of the leader of the gang.

"How do you know that I have not already parted with those letters?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, "—shall I be indiscreet, for once, and mention names? —Mrs. Bland Potterson comes back from Brighton tonight, and she is almost certain to have asked you to deliver them into her own hand. That might almost be one reason why you are working late here. In any case, the letters are in that drawer on your right-hand side, and I am afraid that I must ask you to hand them over to me."

It was a very exciting moment for Miss Mott. How she longed to see behind that mysterious mask of light silk! The eyes and the voice had both their separate thrill, but, more than anything else in the world, she wanted at that moment to look into the face of Violet Joe.

"SUPPOSING I refuse?" she suggested.

"That seems such a foolish supposition," he argued, a touch of weariness in his tone. "You are not a large person, Miss Mott. And you have heard a few things about Violet Joe, I dare say?"

"I have indeed," she acknowledged.

"Not all to my detriment, I hope?" he inquired anxiously.

"Mostly negative," she confided, sitting upright in her place. "I have heard that you absolutely decline to carry firearms in any of your enterprises, that you can break a man's wrist with your hands, that you are an amateur boxer, a famous wrestler, and all those stupid things. They are part of the equipment of your profession, I suppose."

"Slightly withering," he commented.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"One wonders," she went on, "why a man so well equipped as you to fight for what he wants should stoop to the lower branches of crime—perhaps I should say the lowest branch of all—blackmailing."

"Ah, but my dear Miss Mott," he expostulated, "you do not know Mrs. Bland Potterson. You have probably never met Mr. Bland Potterson. I can assure you that if you had made their acquaintance you would understand the joy—the positive ecstasy—of having them both shivering in their shoes."

"I don't know either of them," Miss Mott acknowledged, "but I don't see what that has to do with it. In any case, I have the letters, and I am going to carry out my contract. I am not in the least afraid of you. Besides—"

"Well?"

"There is just one thing more that I have heard said of Violet Joe. He has never robbed or laid his hands upon a woman."

"Right," he admitted. "My problem then will be how to get the letters without using force—that is, if I am to preserve my reputation."

'WELL, you're not going to get them," she assured him firmly, "and if you stay here much longer," she added, with a sudden inspiration, "you will have my uncle to deal with."

"And who may he be?"

"Superintendent Detective Wragge of Scotland Yard," she answered, with a gleam of triumphant malice in her eyes. "The name may be familiar to you."

He laughed long and softly.

"Oh, Miss Mott," he expostulated, "I happen to know that your respected uncle is at Southampton tonight, the passenger list of the Devonia in his hand."

"You appear to be very well informed."

He leaned back as though to laugh again. Then Miss Mott had the shock of her young life, for she was young in years as well as in her career. Like a crouching cat through the darkness he was by her side with one spring. The

drawer toward which her eyes had too frequently wandered was opened. His fingers had closed upon the letters. She struck out at him, and met only the empty air. She cried aloud, but that she knew was hopeless, for they were on the seventh story of an almost empty building.

Violet Joe was back again in his chair on the other side of the desk, the packet of letters in his pocket. His eyes were smiling at her through the narrow apertures of his mask. A breath of the perfume of violets lingered in the air.

"Sorry, my dear young lady," he apologized, "but, after all, you mustn't complain. Flash bank notes, which I suppose you got from Scotland Yard, were quite a clever device of yours, but tricky—very tricky. You might have got my poor messenger into serious trouble, supposing he had been obliged to change one—say for his bus fare on the way home. If you stoop to that sort of thing, you must expect this sort of retribution."

He rose swiftly and unexpectedly to his feet, and she saw his outline in the

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gloom, the head thrust forward, listening intently. Then he crossed the room, and felt about as though searching for something. He was by the window now, a little distance behind her desk, moving noiselessly—an almost invisible presence. Suddenly she became conscious of a familiar but at that hour unusual sound. She heard the elevator, the terminus of which was two flights down, as it came rattling into its place. A cold wave of air swept through the room. Violet Joe had opened the window.

"Your surmise is correct," the visitor agreed. "It has something to do with the election"

"You are going to have a caller, Miss Mott," he confided.

She listened. They both listened. This time there was the faint but distinct sound of shuffling footsteps mounting the last flight of steps.

"Dear me!" Violet Joe sighed. "I must go—by the fire escape!"

He was halfway out of the window now. He looked at her, and there was a quality of laughter in his voice, as he pulled the key of the door from his pocket, and let it drop onto the floor. Tnen he swung away out of sight.

Miss Mott walked to the window and closed it. Then she turned the light on, and unlocked the door.

THE knock at the door came at last, and Miss Mott's apprehensions were not lessened by the sight of the visitor who made furtive entrance. He could not, by any means, be called prepossessing. He wore the clothes of the shabby genteel clerk out of work, but the clothes themselves were very much more shabby than genteel. His linen was doubtful, and it was obvious that he was wearing his tie inside out. His coat showed ink stains, but least pleasing of all was his face—long and narrow, with close-set eyes, and unpleasant mouth.

"Good evening, Miss," he said, as he slipped across the threshold.

"Good evening," Miss Mott answered coldly. "What do you want?"

The young man deliberately closed the door behind him. Then he approached the desk at which Miss Mott was seated.

"First of all, I have a matter of business to discuss with you, Miss," he began. "You do the answers, don't you, for ladies and girls what gets into trouble in 'Home Talks'?"

"I do," she acknowledged. "Are you one of my readers?"

Her visitor chuckled.

"Not much, Miss," he scoffed. "I ain't come here to waste your time, either, nor mine. You've set up what you call an 'Intelligence Agency,' on your own. You had a job from Mrs. Bland Potterson of Portland Place. You got some letters back for her. She hasn't had them yet because she's only returning from Brighton tonight. I'm after those letters."

"Blackmailer Number Two," Miss Mott observed calmly.

"You can call me what you jolly well like," the young man replied. "It was one of the big five who pinched them first. You settled with his messenger, who was a pal of mine, at Cobham this afternoon, and you've got the letters waiting to give them back to Mrs. Bland Potterson."

"Well?"

"She'll have to pay twice over for them, that's all, because I've cut into the game," the intruder announced with a grin. "No use making a fuss, Miss," he added, unpleasantly. "Hand over the letters."

"You are unfortunately too late," Miss Mott told him. "A previous visitor—probably the gentleman to whom you refer as one of the big five—was here half an hour ago and, finding me alone and unarmed, has, in most chivalrous fashion, possessed himself of them."

The young man leaped forward and thrust his very disagreeable face within a few inches of Miss Mott's.

"You've got those letters," he snarled. "Tell me where they are!"

"I have told you I haven't got them," she reiterated. "I haven't got them, and if I had I wouldn't give them to you."

"I'll teach you, you little devil!" he muttered, and seized her by the shoulders.

She shrieked madly—shrieked and shrieked again. He only laughed.

There was a sound which, to her dazed ears, seemed like the smashing of a thousand window panes. The carpet all over the farther side of the office was littered with glass and broken woodwork. The man in the mask, his hands upon the sill, leaped into the room. He asked no questions. He came at Miss Mott's assailant like a wildcat. Miss Mott, opening her eyes from the horror which was encompassing her, heard a yell of agony, and saw her tormentor lying motionless in a far corner of the room. The smell of violets was in her nostrils, the fire of a pair of burning blue eyes blazed into hers. Nevertheless, the newcomer's voice, when he spoke, was remarkably steady.

"Turn out the light," he directed. "I've cut my cheek and my hand, and I shall have to take my mask off. I do not wish you to see my face."

She moved over to the switch, and obeyed. The blood from his cheek was dripping onto the desk.

"You had better get out and go home," he told her. "Here are your letters. I only wanted them to punish those beastly people, and they're not worth all that fuss anyway. Get your hat."

"But you must let me bathe your cheek," she begged, stopping short.

"I have already told you," he said sternly, "that I will not allow you to see my face. I will leave this rubbish upon the stairs. He can tell his own story to anyone he pleases, when he recovers. Now go home."

MISS MOTT was very nearly cured that evening of any secret feeling of fondness she might have had for the women and girls whom she addressed every week in her column of "Home Talks" as "My dear friends." The butler at the great house in Portland Place gazed a little more haughtily than usual out of his front door at her timid summons. He rather resented visitors at this unusual hour.

"Mrs. Bland Potterson has just returned from Brighton, Miss. If you are the young lady whom she is expecting, I will take you to her. Otherwise the mistress is not at home."

Miss Mott gave her name, and was conducted through scenes of Tottenham Court Road magnificence into a glaring drawing-room, brilliantly illuminated.

"The young person whom you were expecting, madam," the man announced.

A rubicund lady, dressed in clothes which seemed all too short and too tight for her, nodded patronizingly, and pointed to a seat.

"So you're Miss Mott," she remarked, folding her hands in front of her. "Parkins, tell your master that Miss Mott is here."

"Very good, madam."

"I have brought your letters, Mrs. Potterson," she confided.

"How clever of you, my dear!" the lady exclaimed, leaning forward and positively grabbing them from Miss Mott's outstretched hands. "Well, now, I am glad I thought of writing to you. Bothered to death I was about those letters. You see, my 'usband's by way of being a public man—may have a knighthood next year—it might run to a baronetcy—and when you get into circles like that, you see, young woman, there must never be any scandal. Not a breath of it."

Into the room bustled Mr. Bland Potterson, and he was very much what one would have imagined the husband of Mrs. Bland Potterson to be like. He, too, was short. He was sleek. He was pompous.

"My 'usband," Mrs. Bland Potterson announced. "This is the young lady who's got back the letters, 'Erbert. She's brought them with her."

Mr. Bland Potterson smiled as amiably as he knew how. His cunning little eyes were devouring the packet.

"You see," Mrs. Bland Potterson explained, "they are all signed by the wretched girl's Christian name, which was Ellen. She was with us when we lived at Forest Hill, where we 'ad a much smaller establishment. 'Ousemaid, she was, and a very bad one at that. Well, as the letters show, she got into trouble.

(Continued on page 28)

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The Wreck of the Air Mail

First there was a scandal, then an investigation, then annulment of contracts, and the Army, ill-advised and underequipped, took over; after that another committee was appointed. Now the air mail, severely shaken and suffering from malnutrition and the third degree, has been placed squarely in the collective lap of Congress. Right beside it lies the future of American aviation. If ever an enlightened and progressive policy was called for, this is the time. And here are the essentials, outlined by Collier's flying reporter

By W. B. Courtney

CLARK HOWELL is a very nice man and he is a publisher; or was a publisher until Junior grew up. Whether you think he is a nice publisher depends upon whether you have ever been arrested for wife-beating or are a Republican. No one, however, doubts his being a nice man; no one who knows him, and that means everybody who lives south of Gatchellville, Pennsylvania, and east of Beauty, New Mexico. He walks through his home streets of Atlanta, Georgia, like a tenacious dream of the South. Not the furbelowed South of long, long ago; nor the modern South of industrial growing pains and pampered old magnolia gardens. But the rugged in-between South, when a woman hit back if a man kissed her hand, and folks cooled their juleps with mint leaves and did not waste tumbler space on ice and water.

Despite his renown, Clark Howell is a plain soul and a home body. When he is summoned to the phone for a long-distance call after midnight he becomes pitter-pattery and knocks over the umbrella stand in the front hall and figures, just as you would, that it must be something outstandin'—like Aunt Hattie has just had a baby, after all these years, and nobody thought she ever would; or the dean just wants to let you know that your son Michael has run away from college with the proceeds of the Old Grads Homecoming Day football game. So that night last June when they woke Cark Howell and told him the President of the United States was calling from Washington he thought, "Lordy, can anyone have told him about that time I voted a split ticket!"

"Hi, Clark," said the President, "I've called you up for two reasons. First, I'm leaving on my trip to the West Indies and Hawaii tomorrow and I want to tell you goodby. Second, I want to ask you to do me a favor: I want you to be chairman of the Federal Aviation Commission which I am appointing to go over the whole subject of commercial aeronautics."

"Goodby, Mr. President. I hope you have a nice time," said Clark Howell, "but I don't know anything about aviation!"

Now there was a chance for a man so fond of waggery as the President! The least-knowing listener, however, would have missed the wonted Rooseveltian bounce that night, and detected in its stead grief over the air-mail scandal that burned and blew and spread around his feet like a grass fire and threatened the new house he was fashioning.

Above the customary political opposition, apart from the protests of the beleaguered aviation industry, there was among the lay mass of the President's well-wishers a division of sentiment unequaled since he had taken office.

Bad Choice of Goats

You could get into a grand argument last spring in any crossroads store, in any commuters' train, at any luncheon table, over the air-mail investigation and annulments. Suspicion was nourished by some critics that the Administration, thwarted by wormy laws in its hopes to punish billionaire income-tax dodgers and two-timing bankers and overimaginative stock manipulators, had turned upon aviation, newest and least soundly entrenched American major business, as upon a sacrificial goat.

If this were true, the political high priests made a gross strategical mistake; they overlooked the romantic hold aviation has upon the minds and hearts of Americans, whose countrymen first gave powered flight to mankind and have continued to be its most skilled practitioners, its most heroic ornaments. A climax ignored by the investigators, but not lost upon the side-line observers, seemed to come when certain official addlepates fatuously attempted to postulate a duel of popularity between President Roosevelt and Colonel Lindbergh; a contest of individual prestige and showdown of personal fame. That gesture, inconsiderate of both principals, seemed doltish and uncalled-for then, and quite fantastic as you look back upon it; from that mark, lay partisanship and public interest tapered off into general disgust.

So, if you are a behind-the-word reader, you might want to interpret the President's invitation to Clark Howell, distinguished civilian, as an implied prayer for deliverance from experts and counter-experts; from people who know everything about everything. All he replied to Clark Howell's profession of ignorance over the telephone that spring night, however, was: "That makes you just the man I want for this job!"

Straightway Clark Howell packed up and moved to Washington—to the bedside of a very sick eagle. The senators and the propagandists had departed, the hysteria and the mud-slinging had died away, and left only the mauled bird to the new Federal Aviation Commission; to Clark Howell, chairman, and his four colleagues—able citizens all hand-picked, like Howell, by the President himself. Not all these men are innocent babes in the aviation woods. Edward P. Warner is competently informed of aviation's gadget and formulæ sides as well as of its social and political and economic issues. He taught aerodynamics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and he was the Navy's first Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics. Commander Jerome C. Hunsaker has aviation background, too. He designed the dirigible Shenandoah, of unhappy memory. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., carries on a distinguished name in Democratic public service: his interest in aviation has remained keen since the days of his war flying. Albert J. Berres has been a labor union and, more recently, a motion-picture executive.

A stalled industry, a glum branch of science, hangs upon these men. Their work is vastly important to you, and to me, likewise; because it involves numerous points that bear directly upon our daily lives—the convenience of air mail and of the quickening speeds of progressive air travel; the immeasurable contribution to national security which possession of the world's premier air commerce affords, and the question whether it is immoral or un-American to be in business for the purpose of making profits.

Is There a Doctor Present?

In its lap the new Federal Aviation Commission found the disorganized bones of the skeletons which the Black inquisitors had dragged out of aviation's cupboards, and rattled and picked dry; it found, also, the headaches of the air-transport operators, the army tragedies and a flurry of commercial accidents, up-anchored public confidence, and a thumping rent in public opinion —plus a command from the President to fix up for Congress before February 1st a report that would serve as basis for a permanent national commercial aviation program and make the like of the current situation impossible ever hereafter. There is scant time; for on March 1st will expire the temporary agreements under which air mail is now being flown, at what the operators describe as "suicide rates" that were embraced in desperate necessity to protect

Colonel Lindbergh, with Clark Howell, right, chairman of the Federal Aviation Commission, and Franklin K. Lane, another member. Below, Orville Wright (center) prepares a plane for Army tests at Fort Myer, Virginia, in 1908

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their investments until they could see how and where the cat was going to jump.

When the Howell commission sat down to its work, behind it lay one of the sorriest and most involved messes of our politico-commercial annals. Neither the rapacity of the early frontier railroad grabs nor the Crédit Mobilier indiscretions; neither the public revenue frauds of Grant's Administration nor the trust-busting disclosures of Roosevelt the First match it in sordid drama or in the amount of attention gained at home and abroad. In its widest extent, at least, it was needless shambles, too. With a bit more finesse at desks in high places, with a bit less distortion and exaggeration by laurel chasers, the air-mail situation might have been laundered, profiteers in the stocks of aviation companies disgraced, annulments effected and abuses corrected in a sound manner. Sweet reasonableness, however, was not shown by either side.

All that was rain down the spout. Now, in front of the new commission lay strangling the body of the air commerce of the United States. The small air-mail operators—new ones, without capital resources or the backing of private investors or corporations, the so-called "independents," whose complaints helped to bring on the Black inquisition and who now alternate between devoutly wishing they had kept their peace and begging the old, large operators to buy them out—are in pitiful shape. The Department of Commerce has "grounded" some of them, in so far as passenger carrying is concerned, on account of the dangerous inadequacy of their facilities or equipment or methods.

They Can't Keep Up

Several will fold their wings before March 1st. They have managed to stagger along with the mail thus far only because the post office contract stipulation of 110 miles per hour is a decade behind modern airplane performance. Many are unable to pay their pilots the NRA wage scale. Others, who have lost ships through accidents, have been unable to replace them. At least one (Hanford) has succeeded in selling itself out to the pioneer operator (Northwest) from whom it took the air mail last summer by underbidding. Despite the dazzling new ships on the old trunk lines, and the fact that the average passenger trip has increased from 350 to 400 miles this year, reduced schedules and curtailed availability of safe and experienced passenger services have meant that fewer people traveled by air this year than last.

The whole picture is one of recession: Farley's "bargain rate" air-mail carriers have in a sense resurrected barnstorming, once decently interred and little mourned by the science of modern air travel; in general they are using ships that are slow, low-powered and understaffed by comparison with the swift, intensively equipped and competently manned, multiple-engine passenger air liners of their rivals. Obviously, these fringe operators, losing money every time they spin a prop, cannot go to bankers or private interests and get backing to buy the fine equipment which is available, because their low-pay contracts damn their chances to approach an even break, let alone a profit; and thus they are condemned to be left further and further behind in the engineering as well as the economic progress of their business.

Meanwhile, it is the contention of every old-line air transportation operator today—every survivor of the canceled old guard—that he is flying solely on his financial reserves. Aviation Corporation declares it lost more than twenty-five cents each revenue mile, or nearly a million dollars, in the first six months of the temporary agreements; this, added to the grief of the annulment period, gave it a blow of more than a million and a half for three-quarters of the year. United claims to have been $1,508,000 in arrears for the first six months of 1934. All have declared to the Howell commission that unless relief comes on March 1st, not only from the low mail rates but from all the pestilential spitefulness of the Black-McKellar Act, very soon thereafter commercial aviation will cease to exist in the United States. Weeds and corn will grow tall again on our 1,400 active commercial airports.

Collier's, two years ago, after your reporter's survey of European and Russian airways, presented the facts and figures of America's world supremacy in the commercial skies. (Clark Howell went abroad last summer, in his official capacity, and had a look-see for himself over virtually the same route.) What I found was no secret to the Europeans, who have been sending their pilots and technicians and executives here to marvel and to learn. But when the air-mail scandal broke—it received almost as much publicity there as here—civilian Europe blinked and wondered if it had been fooled by a bright though shallow Yankee crust.

It took the notable and trenchant performances of the two American stock air-line transports—a Douglas and a Boeing (the former used by two Dutch pilots who had received special training here)—as opposed to stripped and commercially impractical racing ships in the England-to-Australia race—to reinstate American commercial aviation in the esteem of foreign publics. There is danger that our aviation—more appreciated abroad than at home, like certain other historical Yankee achievements—will help transfer air supremacy to Europe. Our builders and our air-line operators, hard-pressed, are releasing to alien lines planes that we should have had plenty of use for here: TWA has apportioned ten of its Douglas transports to KLM, the Dutch concern, while United is sending its Boeings to Lufthansa of Germany, and the next five Lockheed Electras have been spoken for abroad.

Impartial observers—even friendly ones, whose regard is leavened with candor—do not believe that aviation leaders can justifiably shoulder off onto the Administration all blame for this year of catastrophe and stalemate: for this deplorable period of coasting on the momentum of past achievements. Before the eagle could be fetched down by the pot-shots of politicians and bitten by first-page hounds, it had to fly within their range. Moreover, if those who captained the drive on the air-mail contractors forgot the romantic appeal of flight to the American people, it is equally true that this idealistic side was early recognized and long presumed upon by certain men who represented the air industry in Washington. This is a background with roots in days long before the Black investigation.

There were several high-riding gentlemen on aviation's pay rolls in the beginning. Some made headquarters in Washington, and lobbied from sun-up to—sun-up. Good will and largesse were smeared around like marmalade. Personal loans were made, which might have been innocent but certainly were strategic. But most of the time of these aviation representatives was taken up in tattling, in playing teachers' pets, against one another. Each would tell every senator he could get hands on how all the rival operators were getting more than generous mail payments, while his poor little company was starving. Each mouthpiece would spread the word that his company's route and problems were the most difficult in the world, and merited special consideration. The independents—that is, unsuccessful air-mail bidders — formed their own lobby and kept up a din against the octopuses. Occasionally, all the domestic operators would gang up on the big foreign carrier. It was dog eat dog; the usual thing under government subsidy.

We'll Tell 'Em

The autocratic meddling got up honest backs in the Post Office and Commerce Departments long before the Administration changed. One instance of that: Under Colonel Clarence M. Young the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Department of Commerce was making progress with its splendid Federal Airways. It got an allotment to light one hundred miles of the New Orleans to St. Louis run. The problem was whether to put the lights immediately north of New Orleans or south of St. Louis. Expert opinion favored the latter, because the St. Louis end of the run was in darkness and, besides, other lines operated there at night, which made additions to its lighted approaches desirable. The spokesman of the line involved insisted that his company preferred the lights at New Orleans. "But," said Colonel Young, "why? Your mail schedules, as fixed by the Post Office, get you in and out of New Orleans in daylight."

"Hell," said the operator, "don't let that bother you. We'll change the schedules and tell the Post Office Department about it later!"

Indeed, some operators, or at least the lobbyists who ill represented them, walked through government bureaus like overlords, made vassals of public servants whose salaries were paid by your taxes and mine, and were the first and chief sources of news of impending changes and developments in the government offices they frequented. That was in Commerce.

Down at Twelfth Street, in the toadish, heavy-lidded old building which mopes above Pennsylvania Avenue like a castle transplanted from the Rhine, Postmaster-General Walter F. Brown sat with his dreams of great power. Brown is of the stuff from which Hitlers and Mussolinis are fashioned; and the spreading air-mail net was to be his march on Rome, his putsch. Whether his drive was lust for personal authority, or the inescapable urge of vision, let no man deny to you that Brown contributed importantly to commercial aviation development. I remember my first air trip from New York to Chicago—I sat on a pile of mail sacks in an open cockpit, alone with the pilot. Air travel might still be like that but for Brown. There was little general planning for passenger development until he came along. National Air Transport shuddered at the notion of fooling with passengers over the Alleghenies,

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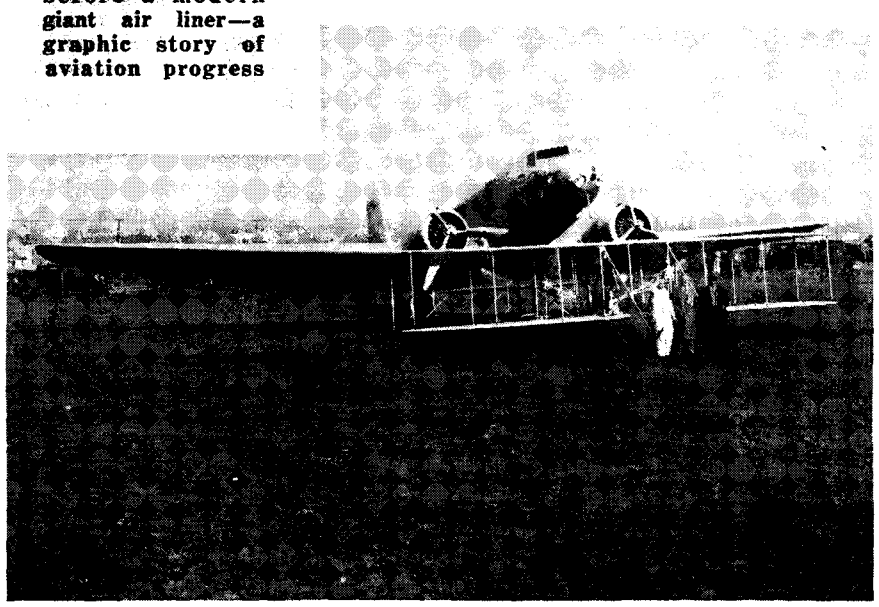
The international airport at Miami, Florida, is a splendid example of the enterprise of American civil aviation. Below, one of the earliest Wright planes, posed before a modern giant air liner—a graphic story of aviation progress



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Shooting Stars

By Quentin Reynolds

When Dietrich emotes, when Cleopatra allures, when the Crusaders crusade, when thousands of extras battle in a super-epic—all for you, dear movie fan—one person you don't see on the screen is the chief engineer who keeps all this cinema machinery running smoothly—the director. So Mr. Reynolds presents for your benefit a few movie-studio portraits of the men at the small end of the megaphone

Cecil B. De Mille, at the camera, talks over a scene with his co-directors during the filming of Cleopatra

RIGHT away you can tell he's the Head Man. He's sitting behind a camera which is attached to the end of a traveling crane. The scene is a Spanish railroad station. Fifty sheep, a dozen goats and twenty men and women are milling about on the platform. It is four o'clock now and they have been rehearsing this scene since eight. The scene will take half a minute on the screen but von Sternberg isn't satisfied yet.

"Once more," he calls from his precarious perch. His voice is flat, emotionless. It isn't even tired. "Mr. Schultz? Mr. Schultz, walk a bit more slowly." Schultz is a ten-dollar-a-day extra who is only a policeman in the picture. Von Sternberg knows the name of everyone on the set and he is meticulously polite about calling each by his correct name.

"George, let us have a bit more action from the sheep. But don't poke them with that stick. After all, they don't know what we're trying to do. Bill, let us have a bit more steam coming up from the train. Charlie, turn that Number Four light to the left a bit . . . no, that's too far . . . ah . . . good. Now, ladies and gentlemen, are we all ready? *Marlenchen, bist du fertig?*"

"*Ja, ja*," comes a cheery voice from inside the train.

"Turn it over," von Sternberg calls and the sound is turned on. Then "Action," and the crane begins to move slowly.

The sheep mill about. The doors of the train open and a crowd of excited, gesticulating passengers emerge. Von Sternberg sits behind the camera, leaning forward, smoke drifting up lazily from a forgotten cigarette he holds in his fingers. The crane carries him forward slowly. It swings in toward the train door so timed that it will catch Marlene Dietrich, the star of the picture, as she comes out. The sheep "baa" miserably, the goats squeal, shrill Spanish cries come from the passengers and then Marlene, plump, swathed in peasant dress, emerges, carrying a huge bundle, a crate in which there is a goose, and a bag. She looks about in bewilderment and von Sternberg nods in satisfaction. His whistle blows and the strangely assorted medley of sounds stops.

"That," he says, "was almost good. Now just once more."

The sheep are herded back again. The passengers go back into the train.

"A little more action from the sheep. The noise of the train should make them nervous and jumpy." The sheep-herder promises more action.

Unexpectedly von Sternberg turns around and winks. "An ignominious profession, this—directing sheep." He laughs.

That wasn't Josef von Sternberg talking—that was Joe Sternberg, of Brooklyn, breaking for a moment through the Josef von Sternberg personality. Years ago Joe Sternberg, of Brooklyn, went to Vienna, attended universities, obtained degrees in philosophy, became better than a dilettante composer and more than a mediocre painter.

Just a Smart Guy from Brooklyn

He came back, entered pictures and adopted the Josef von Sternberg tag. Usually he is von Sternberg. He has a reputation for aloofness, for eccentricity—they have called him a genius and under the extravagant praise he has become even more aloof and more eccentric. But sometimes if you catch him right, he's Joe Sternberg again, just a smart guy from Brooklyn who knows the answers.

He's smarter than his poses would lead you to think. He's one of the few technical directors in Hollywood. On the set he knows more about lights than his chief electrician. He is his own cameraman and he comes on the lot an hour before the shooting starts to supervise the make-up of even the extras. He's the Head Man all right.

Now everyone is in his place ready to start all over. Von Sternberg gets an idea.

"Marlene, *kommst du hier, bitte*." Marlene comes out and stands where he places her.

"Bill, I think there's too much light on her face. Let's shift this one a bit and . . ."

They experiment. Von Sternberg knows lighting. Highlights and shadows are substantial working tools to him. "Let someone stand in there for

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Josef von Sternberg is one of the few technical directors in Hollywood, and he is his own cameraman

Mervyn Le Roy directing Irene Dunne in Sweet Adeline

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The Man Who Talked to Himself

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Elise was like a child hearing a bedtime story

BEN HILBERT had chosen a corner in the library where he could read in peace. But, of course, the women had to come in for a nice, confidential talk. Wouldn't they? Elise Bundy, who hadn't seen Sally for such a long time. And Sally.

Heads together, a giggle now and then. . . . "Not *really!*" . . . "Is that the way it was . . ." "Sally, you positively stun me. . . ."

Ben was reading a book about ancient Rome. He was deep in Page 86, feminine treble tinkling in his ears, as he read:

". . . . and the Emperor Commodus, since he had stabbed his best friend in an exhibition of swordsmanship, ordered gorgeous funeral games around the burning pyre of the man he had slain. A hundred and fifty gladiators fell and were dragged away across the bloody sand. Then Commodus himself, no doubt thirsting for a novel excitement, put on the full armor of a Gallic fighter, leaped into the arena to challenge a gladiator, who was naked, save for his helmet. . . ."

"Nice people, the Romans," said Ben Hilbert reflectively.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Sally, turning her wavy golden head from Elise's wavy brown one.

"Oh, nothing," said Ben, and tried to go on reading. But the gory tale disgusted him, and the treble dialogue, almost under his nose, penetrated his thoughts.

"Of course Dot Waverley wouldn't do," said Sally. "Everybody knew that, but Tom was simply goofy to marry her."

"She was very pretty, as I remember her," said Elise.

"Yes, *in a common sort of way.* All eyes, you know. Sort of Hollywood pretty. The Waverleys, of course, have always had such a fine position in Greenbank that anybody who married Tom could get away with murder—almost."

Ben Hilbert, looking into the Roman book, not seeing the type, sniffed a hostile sniff. He had his own ideas about the Dot Waverley case.

"AND, my dear," Sally went brightly on, "Dot went everywhere. And there was the baby. That seemed to settle everything. We were all nice as pie to Dot—for Tom's sake, you understand. And she took a terrible shine to me!"

"But how did they find her out?" Elise's red tongue touched lip rouge hungrily.

"That, of course, was George Greeley—"

"George, of *course!*" A naughty giggle.

"I wouldn't trust him with my grandmother, let alone anybody as cheap-pretty as Dot. The way she pawed men! And poor Tom keeping George in the house, week after week—old college chum stuff. Can you tie that? Everybody was waiting for the bust, my dear. Tom was in New York a great deal, and Dot was fairly groggy, having a man—a gentleman, I mean—around at her beck and call. She was a positively indecent dancer. And some of her exhibitions with Tom, at the club dances, mind you, shook the community to its foundations."

"Why did they stand her?"

"Wait a minute, angel. They *didn't* stand her." A modest pause. "Elise dear, I hate to tell you this—"

"Go on!" Elise said breathlessly.

"Well, late one night, when Tom was away, I was taking old Mrs. Fitzhugh home after bridge at the Lancasters'. I took a short cut through 'Lover's Lane,' and our headlights struck them in an open car. George and Dot! Plain as a photo. They were—" A light whisper in Elise's ear.

"No! Are you sure?"

"What else could it have been? I recognized George first, because their car was sort of in the road, and we had to slow down. He's a quick thinker, that big boy."

"What did he do?" With an appreciative giggle.

"He jumped out of the car, right in front of us, and held out his hand. If Dot hadn't been a little fool, she'd have snuggled behind a seat. Instead of that, she came running out too, looking innocent as the dawn. 'Hello,' says George, 'we were coming home from the Blakes', and we ran out of gas. Sally, would you mind stopping at O'Brien's garage and telling 'em to come over with some?' Being nonchalant, eh what?

"Well, on the way to O'Brien's Mrs. Fitzhugh stuck up her nose so high you could see it in the dark, and said, 'We've stood enough of that woman.' Elise, I don't awfully like Mrs. Fitzhugh, but I had to agree with her.

"Well, the next afternoon I was simply surprised pink by a call from whom? From Dot, actually! She said she knew what a poisonous old thing Ma Fitzhugh was, and how she could make an affair out of the most innocent friendship. And she wanted me to ask her not to talk about what she'd seen!"

"Oh, yeah?" gurgled Elise rapturously.

"WELL, of course I was sorry for the poor, common little thing. I was kind as I knew how to be. But I told her that, if she wanted to shut Mrs. Fitzhugh up, she'd better go see her herself."

"Did she?" Elise was like a child hearing a bedtime story.

"The widow wouldn't see her. And in two days everybody was laughing about how Dot and George had been caught—you know. George left next day for California. His wife has the money, and he couldn't afford to be mixed up in a mess like that."

"Rather not."

"And still it might have blown over, if Dot hadn't acted the moron again. I'm on the membership committee of the Garden Club, you understand—it's such a bore I usually phone that I've got a headache. But this time there was a full session. There was the usual routine boloney, then Mrs. Fitzhugh stood up and said, 'Several requests have come to the committee to drop the name of a certain member from the club list. . . .' She only got that far. Because why?"

"Why?"

"That incurable damn' fool, Dot, burst in the door. And Elise, she walked right up to Mrs. Fitzhugh—imagine!—and said, 'If my membership's under discussion, I think I deserve a hearing.' I wanted to sink under the floor. 'Very well,' said Mrs. Fitzhugh, 'I'll tell you why you're asked to resign from this club. You have been charged with immoral conduct.' Then, Elise, believe it or not, Dot behaved like a perfect peasant. She went right up in the air and accused Mrs. Fitzhugh of everything under the sun—said it was a conspiracy to separate her from Tom and get her out of the colony. It was a perfectly horrid scene."

"How did Mrs. Fitzhugh take it?" asked Elise.

"She's a lady, you know," said Sally. "She just sat there, cold as ice, waiting for Dot to calm down. Then she said, 'There was another witness to your misbehavior, Mrs. Waverley.' Angel, imagine my embarrassment when she turned to me and asked if I didn't see what she saw. . . ."

"DID you really see much?" asked Elise in a whisper.

"Well, the lights were only on them *for a second,*" said Sally. "But it looked rather — well, people around here don't stand up and call Mrs. Fitzhugh a liar. It isn't done. And I'd seen enough. So I just nodded and said, 'Yes, I was with you, Mrs. Fitzhugh.'"

"And what did Dot do?"

"She gave me the most dreadful look I ever saw in a human head. Then she just turned and walked out."

Ben Hilbert, the unread Roman book open before him, thought of the naked gladiator, standing as a target for an armored emperor's long sword.

"Goodness," said Sally, looking up at the mantel clock. "It's nearly eleven. We'd better be starting."

"It was Tom who went to Reno, wasn't it?" asked Elise.

"Yes. He was very decent about it. Incompatability, or some hokum like that."

"What's become of her?" asked Elise, rising and patting her brown wave.

"She's simply gone to pieces," said Sally, rising too. "She's making a bluff at having a job in a beauty shop; but she has a flat by herself—and you know what that means. What could you expect, my dear?" Eyebrows prettily lifted.

Ben Hilbert laid down his book.

"Nice people, the Romans," he yawned.

"What did you say, darling?" asked Sally, turning.

"Nothing," said Ben.

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't sit there mumbling to yourself. It sounds crazy. Come on, Elise, let's go."

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The Marquis of Quicksilver

The story of a girl who cocked a skeptical eye on fast workers, and the world's fastest worker—bar none

By Frank Leon Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

NOREEN HUGHES, the new reception clerk, didn't see him when he sprang from the elevator, for her telephone was ringing at the moment. He saw her, stopped as though stricken, and instead of going on through a door in the paneled walls of what might have been a royal antechamber, but was the entrance foyer of an advertising agency, he tilted a rakish hat and considered her from different angles, framing her as a photographer might, with upheld hands and thumb tips touching.

As she finished telephoning, a stout man with a cane rose from a cathedral chair and came to her desk. The young man who was inspecting her marked him out, muttering rapidly, "I shall die, I know I shall, for the search of a lifetime is o'er! The black hair of her, and those lashes fluttering over eyes of blue, while the shy maidenly blushes sweep the glorious face and neck! Perfect! Perfect! The simple blue dress and naïve collar and cuffs—the charming curves and contours—and while one leg is concealed by the desk I have no reason to doubt it is the exact mate to the lovely lower limb I see so coyly tucked under the chair!"

Noreen, who could not know she had passed the examination of an expert, smiled at the stout man and said, "You are to go right in. Do you know your way?"

The stout man did. He went within, leaving his cane. The young man dropped his hat on a chair and came at her as though from an inner office, saying, "Goodmorninggoodmorning GOOD MORNING!"

She looked up at him, smiled and rendered a blush that transcended all previous efforts. He was slender, wide-shouldered, flawless in a dove-gray suit, and blue tie. His hair was sandy, his eyebrows heavy, his face at once merry, bold and so ruddy that if he were an older man he'd be called florid.

Her inspection of him had to be made rapidly, for this was a fast fellow indeed, and as he finished the last of his cheery "Good mornings!" he conjured pad and pencil to his hands.

"John Markey," he said, and bowed. "Chief of our bureau of vital statistics. Your name, please?"

"Noreen Hughes," she answered, responding to his quick tempo.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-two."

"Hair—eyes—teeth—perfect. Nose, straight, short. Your address?"

She told him.

"Let's see—married or single?"

"Single," she answered.

"Live alone, or with your parents?"

A grinning messenger came with the cane. Attached to it was a gorgeous red rose wrapped in tissue

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"With my father."

"Excellent! Excellent! Couldn't be better, Miss Hughes!" Pad and pencil flew back to pockets. His hands flew to coat-tails, lapels, forelock and tie. "It's one of my duties to escort new employees—let's see, I can't, this noon. Shall we say dinner tonight?"

"Why—Mr. Markey—what for? I mean—is it customary?"

"It is one of our strictest rules of personnel. Beastly bore, at times, and in your case I'd be willing to score you A-plus, in advance, but you see, Miss Hughes, we must make sure of our employees' deportment in public—er—just a formality, but let's get it over with, tonight."

"I have an engagement tonight."

"Tomorrow then. Six-ish? Good!"

SHE didn't think he could have noticed it, in the few moments taken up by this interview, but now he seized the cane, overlooked by the stout man, swished the air with it, as with a sword, sprang about like a fencer, muttered, "A poor thing, but 'twill serve," bowed to Miss Hughes, and—of all things, limped off inside on the cane, like a very lame man using a cane much too short for him.

Her telephone and new arrivals kept her busy, so that for ten minutes she didn't have a chance to set up this amazing young man in her mind and consider him and his rapid-fire manner. When she did, she blushed hotly, for he had made a powerful impression on her.

She had on her face the blush dedicated to him when he limped into the foyer, crossed it, picking up his hat without stopping, and the elevator closed on him before she could cry, "That cane! It belongs to the fat man!"

The executive who had hired her charged to the foyer, looked about, came to her desk. "Mr. Markey get away? Well, *confound him!* I'd have jumped on his neck but the poor devil had a sprained ankle and I hated to. If I didn't know him so well I'd think he was taking this way to get out of something he never did intend to do. Oh, well, I'll send someone else."

Noreen realized that most of this was a soliloquy, not requiring any response from her. She said, "Yes, sir," to show she was being attentive. The executive smiled at her, for she was too pretty not to be smiled at, and departed.

"Now, what shall I say when that man comes back and wants his cane?" she thought. Being a truthful girl she was amazed when she caught herself compounding little evasions, if not outright falsehoods. "Well, if I'm not a goose! Why—I'll bet he doesn't have to take me out to dinner! And all those questions!"

HER eyes flashed. She moved things decisively on her desk. "Just because this is my first day! You just wait until I see you again!"

And then her heart softened—and whose wouldn't?—for a messenger, a grinning messenger, came from the elevators with the cane. Attached to the cane with a blue ribbon was a gorgeous red rose wrapped in tissue. And a little note: "Keep me in mind constantly until tomorrow evening at six. After that leave everything to John Markey."

Fortunately there were no visitors at the moment. When the messenger left she hurriedly detached the rose, and propped the cane where the stout man had left it. "How nice!" she thought, and in modesty added, "And what a friendly gesture—because it is my first day here." Then, without warning, a little voice bellowed at her, "*He is the one!*"

Startled, she answered back, "Why, he is not! He couldn't be! Things don't happen this way—and besides, he is so unromantic. Why, it's absurd!" She put plenty of scorn in that unspoken "absurd"—but at the same time she fetched the boss blush of the day.

It was because of these blushes that Noreen Hughes had this job. She hadn't been hired for her ability to blush. She was to be a secretary, then a copy-writer, and then a full "colleague," as this ritzy agency called members of its staff. But first she had to be a "receptionist," so she could get accustomed to meeting business people, so she could get the hang of the office and the names and ways of its people and of their visitors—and so she could get rid of some of her excess blushes.

When she went home she wore the rose, not because of Mr. Markey, but because it was such a nice rose.

Noreen lived in one of a row of houses her father owned in East Fifty-second Street, and she found her father in hilarious session with a crony of the old horse-and-hack days. Like her father, he had bushy gray hair; but, unlike the rugged countenance of the elder Hughes, this retired and pensioned coachman had a fiery baby face and merry blue eyes. He sprang up as she came in, put his right hand on his hip, took a precise step forward, at the same time crooking his left arm until his fingertips just touched the curve of his stomach, and bowed deeply.

"WHY—it's John the Jarvey!" she cried. "How are you, John, and why the courtly gesture?"

They shook hands. "I'm just after telling your father about the count," John Flynn said. "He was a famous rascal and impostor and deadbeat, in the old days. That's the way he used to bow to them wealthy ladies before he swindled them."

"Why, John—I thought that type of man was something new."

"Ah, they always had 'em and they always will. The count had a great system. He was always in a hurry. Never could stop long enough to pay a bill. Always having to use the telephone or see a man. He had very fine manners, the count, and a wonderful way with him—especially when it came to cashing a bad check faster than an upright man could cash a good one."

"How awful!" said Noreen, pulling off her hat. "John, you're staying to dinner, aren't you? Make him stay, Father. I'm going out with Walter and I don't want you to eat alone."

"Sure, he'll stay." Her father cocked an affectionate eye at her. "How was it at the office today?"

"Oh, just fine. Everybody was so nice and patient with me."

SHE gave her father a poke and John a friendly pat, and left them to get ready to go to dinner with Walter Kevin, who was her brother-in-law and came down every so often from Boston, and always brought his dinner clothes so he could take Noreen out, for he was very proud of her and thought that next to her sister she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

She put John Markey's rose in a vase, and as she bathed and dressed she thought that, but for her engagement with Walter, she'd be dining with Mr. Markey. . . .

She dined with Walter at a roof garden famed for its orchestra, and after Walter had danced with her a couple of times, so that one and all might enjoy the charm of his companion—especially lovely in yellow and chartreuse chiffon—he took her back to their table and to the serious business of the twins.

Walter never was without fresh packets of snapshots of those young prodigies, Walter O'Donnell Kevin and Michael O'Donavan Kevin. He was explaining, "That's Michael on the left. Huh—bet you thought it was Walter, but it's Michael. Their hair is red, of course, like mine." Then he looked up at her, and glancing beyond, he exclaimed, "Well, what d'you know! There's the old Marquis of Quicksilver!"

"What? Who? Where?"

"Don't turn now—he'll think you're staring. If I catch his eye I'll have him over. The old marquis himself! Why, I haven't seen him in—must be six years. And, Norry—darned if he hasn't caught himself a balloon! Gosh, what a big woman!"

"Balloon? Walter—what *are* you jabbering about?"

"The marquis. Knew him at Har-

He considered her from different angles, framing her as a photographer might, with upheld hands

She saw the orchestra leader smile at John Markey, nod, then speak again into the microphone

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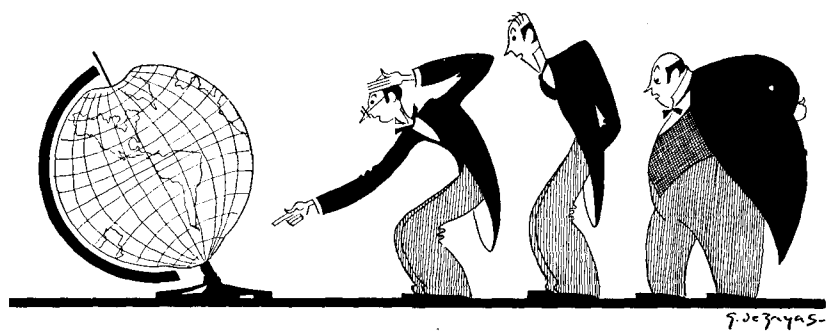

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Scientists still do not know the exact shape of the earth as the Arctic region is a hollow and the Antarctic is a hump, they are no longer certain that Everest is the highest mountain as higher ones are thought to exist, and they have reason to believe that the vast unexplored jungles of South America contain tribes still unknown to the civilized world.—*By A. A. Alexander, Fort Benning, Georgia.*

English royalty has experienced both scandal and punishment. Henry II (1133-1189) was severely flogged in Canterbury Cathedral for inciting the murder of Archbishop Becket; Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI (1421-1472), was sentenced to prison for striking a judge; and Queen Caroline, consort of George IV (1762-1830), was sued for divorce before the House of Peers —and the whole world—on the grounds of infidelity.

The world's first escape-proof prison is Uncle Sam's Alcatraz Penitentiary on an island in San Francisco Bay. Today it is equipped with tool-proof steel, new-type cell locks, bullet-proof glass sections, microphones and amplifiers, weapon detectors, and thick glass, thinly perforated, through which friends can talk to prisoners but not pass articles. Even letters are not given directly to an inmate for fear they may contain secret messages. They are copied in a different word arrangement on plain prison paper.

Recently a railroad, which was sued for $100,000 by a Negro who falsely claimed that his legs had been paralyzed in an accident, sent two Negro detectives to his town to expose him. They set up a crystal-gazing parlor and, after several weeks, subtly arranged to tell the victim's fortune in his home. The crystal "forecasted" that the only way he could win his suit was to carry a log over the railroad track the next morning, hopping across on one leg and back on the other several times. So he did. And a movie cameraman, hidden in a bush, "shot" the act—and killed the action.

The hardest recorded bump this earth ever received came from a meteorite or comet which crashed into a Siberian forest on June 30, 1908. The mass weighed about 40,000 tons and the explosive violence of its impact felled all trees within a 35-mile circle, a total of 80,000,000 trees in an area of 3,850 square miles. The air waves even reached Washington, D. C., and pictures were taken in Scotland at midnight on July 2 by the light of its fiery dust.

The greatest grafter in American history was "Boss" Tweed of New York City who, with three others, controlled the city administration between 1869 and 1871 and looted its treasury of about $200,000,000. Among the thousands of payments which they made, chiefly to their own companies, were $8,000,000 for a $250,000 courthouse and $10,000 for $75 worth of stationery.—*By D. G. Adair, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Millions of Americans daily seek a lucky number on which to bet from a penny to a dollar in the "numbers" game which has become one of the major gambling rackets of the United States. These credulous individuals consult fortune tellers and numerologists, read dream books and special cartoons in certain newspapers or use the "number-selling" companies, one of which charges as much as $3 apiece for them.

Radio stations unavoidably "waste" an incredible amount of electricity because less than two one-thousandths of one per cent of the power leaving their antennas is ever used. The average station has to send out constantly more than 50,000 times as much energy as its listeners could possibly consume if all of them had their sets turned on during all the hours of its broadcasting.—*By Donald G. Fink, Englewood, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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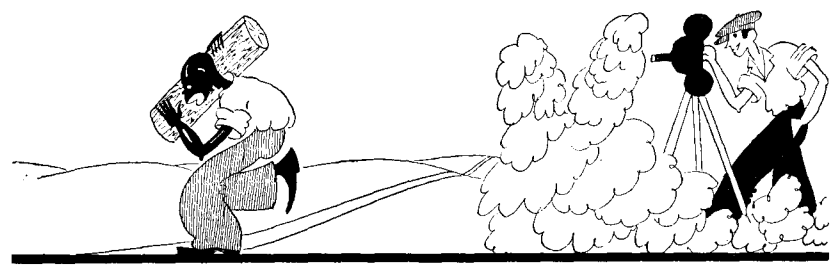

vard. But, look, Norry, that's Walter in the swing. Michael fell out just as I snapped the camera—"

"Walter Kevin! If there's a marquis here, I want to see him!"

She twisted and turned but didn't know where to look.

"Aw, he isn't a real one, we just called him Quicksilver because he was always in such a hurry, and besides, his name is Markey—"

"*What!*" Noreen's eyes went wide.

"Look out!" Walter muttered. "Here he comes! Hello, Keed!"

John Markey stood beside their table, perfect and assured in the full armor of formal evening dress. "Hilloa and what ho! Don't rise, Conningsby!" He thrust Walter back in his chair. "I am in straits. *Slip me half a C with the utmost of dispatch!*"

Walter grinned at Noreen: "Didn't I tell you he was fast?"

Whereupon, he handed fifty dollars to John Markey, who smiled, bowed and walked away.

WALTER was chuckling as he looked off after his friend of other days. "Isn't he a corker? Did you ever hear such a line in your life? He rattles it off like a machine gun!"

"Isn't he handsome in a tailed coat?" said the little voice to her and added, "*He is the one!*" so vociferously that she said aloud, "He is not!" Then, coldly indignant, she asked, "Was he—always in such a hurry?"

"Always. He was only around Harvard a couple of years or so, then he disappeared, but nobody ever saw him when he wasn't in a rush."

She looked to see where Mr. Markey had gone. Instead of returning to his table, he had proceeded to the orchestra, where the leader was speaking quietly into a microphone.

"Well, if he's not the most impossible—!" she burst out. "He borrowed from you so he could pay the orchestra to play a special number!"

Walter still was chuckling. "The old marquis always did have the grand manner."

"Well, if you think that's funny, I don't." She saw the orchestra leader smile at John Markey in understanding, nod, then speak again into the microphone. Her gaze followed Mr. Markey, and then she was more indignant than ever, for he went back to a table where a large, blond, bediamonded dowager was sitting. A dowager who listened eagerly to what he said, then beamed at him with unconcealed admiration.

The orchestra leader now said to the dinner guests, "By special request—that lovely gem in three-quarter time, Starlight, Honeymoon and Jasmine."

"Now," said Walter, "we'll see the old marquis dance."

"Walter darling, please don't keep calling him the 'old marquis.'"

"Well, what I mean, he was in a fight once with a big tough from East Cambridge, and John was giving him a good working over, and somebody yelled, 'Hey, that's not according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules!' and he hollered, 'This is a fight! I have no time for Queensberry!' So then we began calling him the Marquis of Quicksilver. Do you see the point?"

Noreen, in exasperation, picked up her little black silk bag. "Walter, get the check, please, and don't forget your snapshots. Let's be at the theater on time. And, if you love me—please—no more about the marquis. And don't keep defending him. It's men like you who make men like him possible!"

The next morning it was perhaps ten o'clock when an elevator door was slammed open with especial force and young Mr. Markey, in a smart brown suit and brown tie, was expelled into the lobby as from a gun. He was halfway through the door to the inner offices before he stopped. He swung around and came to her desk.

"Ah, good morning, good morning, and what a morning! All the birds in the trees were singing to me and saying with many's the sly look, 'There you go, John Markey, and soon you'll be feasting your eyes on the fairest flower that ever bloomed! And this very evening she would be gracing your board and hovering daintily over the meat and drink you place before her, were it not—'"

"If you are, by chance, referring to me, you are mistaken, Mr. Markey. I am not dining with you."

"How now—and the change that's come over you! Yesterday you were fair leaping at me, straightening my tie and plucking little lints from my coat and saying, 'John dear, do be careful crossing those streets!' and 'John darling, promise me you'll look out for those cars and busses!' Hah! And today you greet me with growls and rattling of the chains. This might confuse a lesser man, but John Markey knows you for the gentlest, sweetest guardian of the portal these grim old walls have ever looked down upon."

Blushing, but with every other circumstance of indifference, she was at some small business with filing cards. He leaned on her desk and went on, "I will admit you gave me a bit of a shock last night, dining with a married man—

"And I thought to myself, 'What a gay dog our Walter has become on these innocent excursions from chaste old Boston!' But a Markey is never one to be staying long in doubt. Fifteen minutes' brisk work with the records this morning at the Harvard Club turned up the following, viz., and to wit: 'Kevin, Walter. Married to Hughes, Agnes,' et cetera. So, I thinks to myself, 'Hughes, is it? Then she'll be the sister of our own darling Noreen, so what is more natural than that Walter should have out Noreen to dine, and to look upon the photos of his twins, each of which has the keg head and no doubt the fiery red hair of the father!'"

IF HE hadn't been an exceptionally rapid talker, he wouldn't have been able to rid himself of this much of opinion, conjecture and conclusion, for she turned on him with flashing eyes. "You—you had the audacity to question the propriety of the company I keep? And you looked up my brother-in-law to see—ah, you are impossible! You, of all people! You are just as detestable as you can be!"

He looked at her, really astonished. "Why—Noreen! I'm sorry for the 'keg head' remark. Of course their little legs and bodies will catch up with those noble domes. But—what's the matter with me? In all humility I'd always thought of myself as a tremendous improvement on the ordinary taxpayer and vote caster."

She wouldn't accept this last in the derision he intended. She said, "Please stop annoying me, Mr. Markey. Please go away—quickly. Here are people—!"

Some men came from the elevator and she turned eagerly to attend to them. She didn't see him leave, but when she had a moment to herself she discovered in the little jar on her desk a fresh red rose—which Mr. Markey must have had under his coat. Also he had managed to write a note on her pad: "For all her fine frenzy she would be gracing my board tonight—only, I have to go to Baltimore. But I shall return and sue madly for her love. Keep me in mind constantly. Remember that famous slogan: Eventually—Why Not Now!"

Keep him in mind? It was impossi-

(Continued on page 45)

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The Smoky Years

By Alan Le May

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

TWO rival outfits—Ben Thorpe's and King-Gordon, owned by "Dusty" King and Lew Gordon—are struggling for dominance in the Western cattle industry. Thorpe and two of his aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner, making a bold bid for victory, murder King.

Bill Roper, King's heir, now steps forward. His father murdered by cattle-rustlers, King had adopted him, taken him to Ogallala, Nebraska. Resolved to avenge King's death, he makes his plans. Gordon, now his partner, disapproves of them; the partnership is dissolved. He outlines his plans to Jody Gordon, Lew's daughter, whom he loves. She listens and, appalled, informs him that, if he carries out his scheme, she will never marry him. Whereupon, Roper goes to Texas—where Cleve Tanner is in command of the Thorpe forces—and begins operations.

For years, Tanner, acting on Thorpe's orders, has been acquiring ranches and huge droves of cattle, by the simple expedient of intimidating or murdering their owners. Roper's plans—which he regards as quite justifiable, under the circumstances—will, he believes, enable him to right a thousand wrongs, and, ultimately, ruin Thorpe.

Securing the services of one Maxim, a shrewd lawyer, he hires a corps of outlaws—"Dry Camp" Pierce, Nate Liggett, Dave Shannon, Tex Long, Red Miller, Windy Slater, Tex Daniels and others—and gives them their orders. Within a short time, Tanner's forces are in a state of consternation; nightly they are being attacked by mysterious raiders, who take thousands of cattle away!

But Jody Gordon is alarmed. In Texas she has a long talk with Roper, tells him that his enemies, having learned who is behind the raids, have offered five thousand dollars for his arrest. Then, from his men (who begin to desert him) he learns that Tanner's gang has fortified all its holdings; that Tanner, enraged, is hiring an army of gunmen—to wipe out Roper's band!

Awaiting reports, Roper sees a horseman approaching. Shoshone Wilce, one of his spies! Shoshone gallops up, comes to a halt. "It's done," he cries. "He's bust—he's cracked!" "Who?" Roper asks. Shoshone grins. "*Cleve Tanner!*"

V

SUDDENLY Bill Roper turned into the unaccountable kid that his years justified. Like a man suddenly coming alive, he took Shoshone by the throat, shook him as if he had weighed no more than a cat. His teeth showed bare and set.

He said: "Shoshone, you fool with me—"

Shoshone cried out through the grip on his throat, "I tell you, Cleve Tanner—"

He couldn't say any more; and now Bill Roper came to himself, and let go of Shoshone so abruptly that the little man almost dropped in his tracks.

"Come in," he said unsteadily; "come in and have a cup of coffee, and set for a while."

"Listen! I tell you Cleve Tanner is through!"

Bill Roper was cool again, now. "What makes you think so, Shoshone?" he asked.

"He failed his delivery at the Red. Where he was supposed to bring up fifteen thousand head, a little handful of punchers showed up with a few hundred. He can't round his cattle—if he's got any cattle—and he can't make delivery at the Red!"

Bill Roper walked a little way off from Shoshone Wilce and he leaned against the butt ends of the poles that formed a corner of the corral. He said: "I ought to have known it. There isn't the outfit, nor the string of outfits, in all the plains, that can stand up against the punishing, or half the punishing, Cleve Tanner took. . . ."

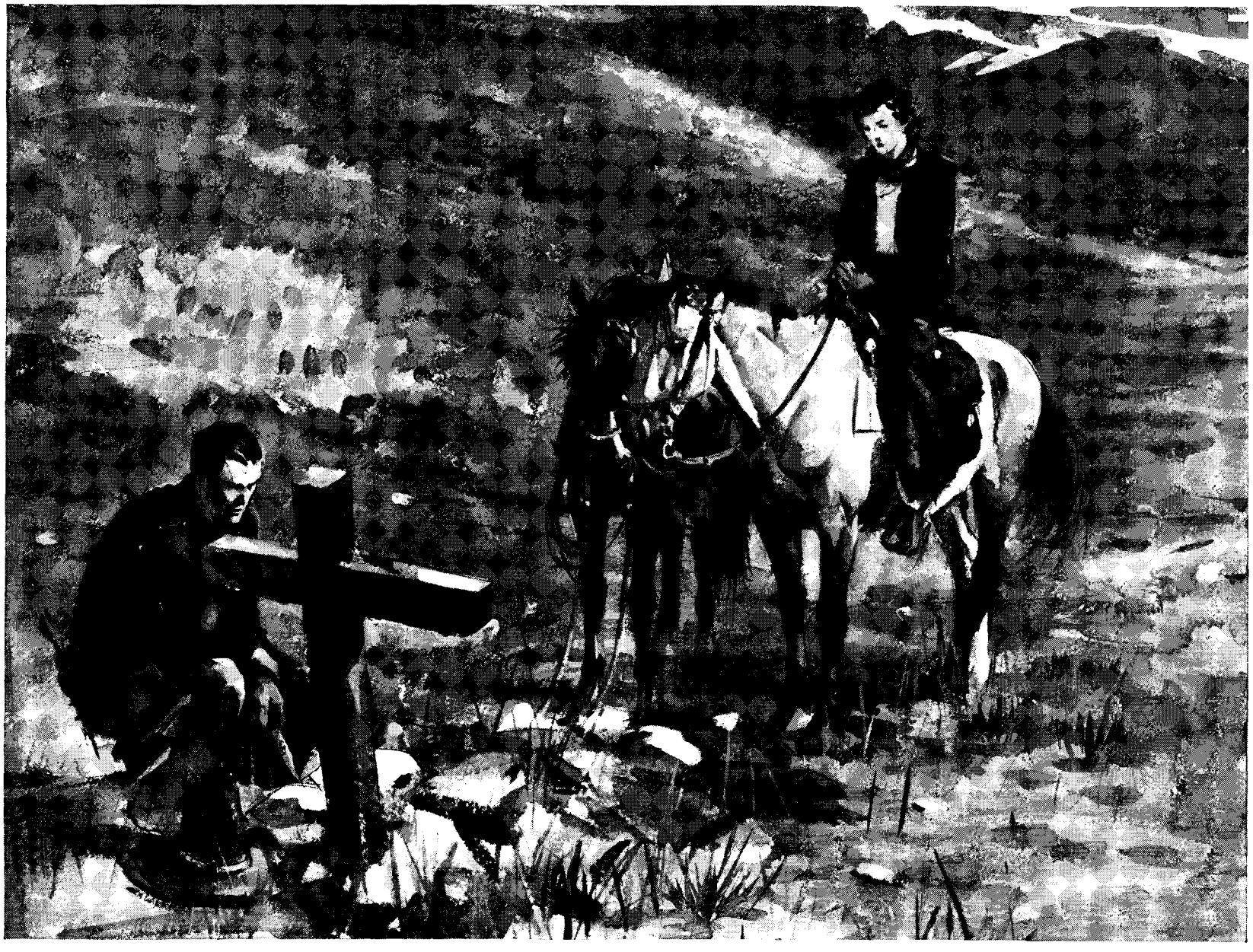
"We didn't believe you," Shoshone Wilce babbled on. "We all said it couldn't be done. But *we've done it!* All over Texas Tanner's notes are being called, as the word spreads. Wells-Fargo refuses to honor his signature for a dime. They say now that Ben Thorpe won't back Tanner. Thorpe denies him and the Tanner holdings are being closed up and sold out—"

"I OUGHT to have known," Bill Roper said again. "I *did* know, only they all quit me, and took to the tall, and talked me out of it. . . ."

Shoshone Wilce seemed to realize what had happened better than Bill Roper in that surprised moment. After all, Shoshone was the one who had been there and had seen.

"He's beat, and he's whipped, and he's wiped out, and he's through!" Shoshone exulted. "It worked, after all!"

(Continued on page 34)



Roper stepped forward and with the keen blade cut a notch deep in the arm of Dusty's cross

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The Sign of the Scorpion

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

A detective story with some highly original twists, including an astrologer who kept an eye on the stars and surprised the police

NOW that Tarat, the New York astrologer, has dispelled the mystery that surrounded the series of deaths in the Hotel Pomander, people are heard to say, "How simple, after all. What ails our stupid police?"

This reaction may be natural, but it is unfair. Tarat had a clue that the police lacked; call it only a hint and it was still an advantage. And Tarat is a very successful astrologer—half a moment on that, ye of little faith! Say that astrology is all bosh, and you are saying that the successful astrologer, winning the faith of many intelligent people, must be an intuitive chap, versed in human nature, adept at analyzing behavior, a quite exceptional person.

Take the first death: that of Seth Crohan, back in 1933. To fix the guilt there would require the clairvoyance that his clients credit to Tarat.

Crohan, you remember, was a partner in Crohan & Jahnes, a wholesale drug house. He had gone to Jahnes' apartment in the Pomander for dinner. He was admitted by Jahnes' valet, Arthur Halowell. Arthur let Crohan in, saw him into the living-room, and went back into his own room, where he was sitting with his brother Henry.

Some ten minutes later, Rudolf Jahnes, the partner, let himself into the apartment. He saw no one, and sat down with a cigarette and the evening paper, to wait for Crohan. Believe it or not, he was in that room for nearly a half hour before he discovered Crohan's body on the floor between the sofa and the fireplace. Dead; brained with a carved walrus tusk that had been lying on the mantel.

The Halowell brothers had heard a fall in the living-room after Crohan entered, had listened and heard someone moving about. They thought that Crohan had upset a chair. Later, they heard Jahnes come in.

That is what Jahnes told the police; and what the Halowell brothers told. So what? Death at the hands of a person unknown.

A BIZARRE circumstance was the sheet of paper pinned to the dead man's coat, showing in pencil the twelve-parted astrological wheel; the twelve houses of the horoscope. The symbol for the constellation Scorpio had been penciled into the house of death, as the astrologers know it. One of the newspapers ran an interview with Tarat, always a good showman and advertiser.

The police did their best but couldn't break the case, and the Crohan killing was still unexplained when murder came again to that apartment in the Pomander; last year. We'll go into that apartment and see the murder done, through the eyes of young Richard Rowe Skeane, who was there. "Dick" Skeane, a Chicago University graduate student visiting New York, was there to dine with Mr. Jahnes.

Present in the apartment were these three men: Rudolf Jahnes, lately retired from business and invalided by an apoplectic stroke; Arthur Halowell, who had been Jahnes' valet and was now his secretary; and Dick Skeane, Jahnes' only living relative, though a distant one.

On the mantel, callously enough, lay again the slender and heavy ivory that had slain Seth Crohan. There was talk of the murder, and Dick scrutinized the macabre souvenir without touching it. Answering some remark by Jahnes, the thin and blond Arthur Halowell had ventured the opinion that the murderer would escape if he remained careful.

"He'll take precautions, never fear," grumbled Jahnes, who was mixing a cocktail with professional niceness. He fastened his deep-set eyes, intense of gaze and black, on his secretary. "And now a dash of almond! Arthur, get that bottle of flavoring from the cellaret. Dick, who's the lady you have the appointment with at half-past eight?"

DICK—tall, red-headed, wholesome and homely—grinned an admission. "The same one I had at the matinée today—Harriet Lamb."

"Have your fun, Dick. Be good when you're young, and you'll repent your sins when you're old; the ones you didn't commit. We've had this since bootleg days, haven't we, Arthur?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bought it yourself, didn't you, Arthur?"

"I'm quite sure, sir."

Mr. Jahnes uncorked the vial, poured from it into the small shaker, and recorked it methodically. "Bootleg; no telling where it comes from. Shake that, Arthur. None for you, Dick, understand."

"No, sir. I make it a rule."

"Rules," said Jahnes, filling two stemmed crystal glasses. "I love rules; to break." He handed a glass ceremoniously to Arthur Halowell. "So you think the murderer may escape if he takes precautions? I still think it was a blunder to pin that paper to Crohan's coat."

"A dramatic touch, that was," said Dick.

"Theatrical and silly," said Jahnes. "In character, perhaps; murderers must be self-important; but cheap and dangerous melodrama. I was amused to learn, when I read that newspaper article by Tarat the astrologer, that my own sign is Scorpio; I was born on November 2d." He opened his eyes widely at Dick, and his lax mouth rounded in an infantile grimace. He had been a strong man before the stroke, swarthy and burly.

"Pshaw, my medicine," he said, halting in the act of drinking. He rose with effort, pushing himself up doggedly, and went at a dragging pace toward his bedroom. "Don't wait, Arthur, my boy. Good health!"

"Won't you join us, Mr. Skeane?" urged the secretary. "Taste."

"Sharp, isn't it?" commented Dick, having yielded and taken the merest sip of the opalescent drink from the proffered glass.

The secretary took down the drink at a toss. "A trace of too much bitters, it may be. Mr. Jahnes has made better."

Jahnes returned, forcing himself along. "Good, was it, Arthur?"

He chatted, holding his glass full and idle, gazing blandly at his secretary. Arthur Halowell was silent; his expression was introspective. Neither man moved to serve the dinner, there under covers.

Waiting, Dick looked about the room. Here shone softly a lamp of massive jade. There were shelves of costly books, leather-bound and tooled. . . .

THERE Crohan had lain unseen. The tall clock, ticking there, had suddenly ceased to tick for him, and its hands to crawl. Dust he had been, thought Dick fancifully, out of the day-star, and now he was star-dust again. Here he had stood; behind him a doorway had yawned, a black mouth opening, and toward him had drifted an evil shadow. Struck down; and over him his murderer crouching, to put on him a sign.

There Jahnes had sat with his newspaper while the dead man lay. Behind that thin door two men had sat, and had been unalarmed by the blow, the fall, the victim's parting cry. It was puzzling.

The standing clock chimed and struck eight. Mr. Jahnes toyed with his stemmed glass; Arthur Halowell communed inwardly. Dick grew restive; Harriet would be kept waiting, and Harriet waited badly. Harriet and Dick were at that stage in a love-affair when spirited youngsters quarrel quickly and hotly. Dick rose to go to

"What did you drink?" demanded Jahnes sharply

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The young people leaned forward, and saw again the twelve-parted wheel

the telephone; to his surprise, he was giddy, though pleasingly so.

"Do you know," he chuckled, "I feel tight!"

"What did you drink?" demanded Jahnes sharply.

Arthur Halowell emerged from his self-study and got to his feet. "What's the matter?" he said loudly and harshly.

"Just tight," said Dick, resentful of the brusque tones of the men. "I'll get a good drink of water at the kitchenette, and—"

"Peroxide of hydrogen, in the bathroom!" called Mr. Jahnes strongly. "Drink it. You hear me, Dick?"

DICK heard, and turned obediently. And then Dick had an acrid taste in his mouth, the savor of chloride of lime. He was lying on Mr. Jahnes' bed; over him bent such a trig and white-clad youth as Dick had frequently seen whirling by in the rear of a clanging ambulance. At the shoulder of this apparition hovered blue-eyed Harriet Lamb; wide-eyed, her hands to her throat. Beyond Harriet sat two men.

"What in the hell," said Dick thickly, startled into profanity. "He'll do till the next time," said the youth in white. "Cardiac syncope; heart let down on him, the big sissy." "I can have him now?" said one of the chair-sitters, rising. "Dick!" gasped Harriet, embracing him. It was all a jumble like that.

"This is swell, Harriet," said Dick, when things took on order and sense. "Just my style any time, but we're not alone, you know. What—what's—"

"If you please, miss," said the man from the chair. "Let me, please. Young fellow, what do you know about this thing here tonight?"

"What thing? I guess I'm tight, all right. Listen, isn't this Mr. Jahnes' apartment in the Hotel Pomander? Ah, it is. Then I'm here having dinner with Mr. Jahnes; going to. My name is Richard Rowe Skeane, and I'm from Chicago, and that's Miss Harriet Lamb, and I'm here to have dinner. Who are you, and how'd you get in?"

"Police department, Mr. Skeane."

"I came here about seven o'clock," said Dick, answering the detective's questions, halting and groping; he was dizzy and confused. "We had just sat down to dinner out there when I suddenly got tight. I came in here to take something. Did I pass out? A fight? Not at all; unless I went screwy and swung on somebody. I don't know about any fight." At the detective's order, Dick scrutinized the blond and heavy-set man in the chair. "No, I don't know him. He reminds me of somebody I do know."

"Try and get up, Mr. Skeane. Let me help you. There; and now we'll go out and have a look."

Leaning on the detective, Dick tottered into the living-room.

The table was as he had left it; the dinner was still under covers. The furniture was as it had been, except for a marble nude, lying in fragments, and except for the clock, which had jumped to the hour of nine. A uniformed policeman sat in Mr. Jahnes' chair now. On the floor by the telephone lay Arthur Halowell, his forehead swollen and discolored; his eyes were open and brilliant, but he was dead.

"Look," said the detective, halting Dick before the fireplace.

Mr. Jahnes lay there; on the floor beside him was the walrus tusk, the club that had beaten him down. Mr. Jahnes, too, was dead. To his coat was pinned a wrinkled scrap of white paper on which was a circle scrawled in pencil. The circle was divided into twelve parts, radiating from the center; in one part was penciled the figure 8, and a symbol like a small *m* ending in a long tail.

"Scorpio in the Eighth House," said the blond and heavy-set man, pointing. "Just like the last time!"

HE WAS Henry Halowell, Arthur's brother who had been with him in the apartment when Crohan was killed, the year before.

He lived near by. Arthur had telephoned him shortly after eight o'clock and had implored him to come. Arthur, who seemed terrified, had ceased speaking, and Henry heard a fall. He hurried to the hotel and the apartment, found the door unlocked—probably to admit the hotel's waiter—and rushed in.

"A dark, foreign-looking man with long arms like an ape," he said, "got up from beside Mr. Jahnes and darted into the fire-tower. I followed him down five or six floors, lost him in the darkness in there, and went back up to the apartment. Jahnes was dead, but my brother was still alive. That's why I didn't call the police at once."

Such was his story; and why doubt it? His own brother was one of the victims. Nobody else had seen the alleged killer, but that was easily explained. The fire-tower was an enclosed stairway, unused except as a fire-exit, giving into two apartments on each floor and letting out below in an alley.

The personal and business histories of Crohan and Jahnes were explored for a mutual enemy; whom had the partners mortally offended? No common enemy was revealed or suggested.

An occasion of some criticism has been the police failure to attach immediate importance to the will that was found in the safe. The will that Jahnes, unknown to his lawyer, made shortly after Crohan's death, and that left all his property to his secretary, Arthur Halowell. This will, we see now, was illuminative of the entire case; but that's our superior hindsight. It had no logical place in the known facts.

The newspapers duly celebrated the deaths of Rudolf Jahnes and the valet who had become his secretary and heir. Among the millions who read the accounts and looked at the photographs was Tarat, the astrologer.

TWO days after the homicides, Dick Skeane, accompanied by Harriet Lamb, approached the astrologer's door on the forty-ninth floor of the York State building; coming at the astrologer's telephoned request.

They were promptly admitted to a library whose tall and pointed windows looked eastward over the city.

The astrologer awaited them, a somber and elegant figure in double-breasted black; black-and-white cravat lit by a great white pearl. Tall, lean, pale, black-eyed and of Indian-black hair, the formidable gentleman who is known only as Tarat is a bit of an exhibitionist, dramatizing himself, though not cheaply; he has been called sinister, which is a matter of opinion.

He went directly into the affair.

"I have been with the police this morning, in the matter of those deaths in the Hotel Pomander. When crime relates itself to the work of this office, a distasteful duty is laid on me."

"Oh, yes," said Dick. "Those signs pinned to the dead men."

Tarat shrugged. "Those scrawls were almost certainly intended to mislead and disguise. Though it is interesting to see that Scorpio, the eighth sign, was correctly placed: in the house of death, money through death and the money of a business partner, which is the eighth house."

He put a sheet of paper before him. The young people leaned forward, and saw again the twelve-parted wheel; drawn carefully now and marked with a variety of occult symbols.

"This is the radical horoscope of Rudolf Jahnes; the map of the heavens at the time of his birth. Several months ago, I received by mail an order to erect this horoscope and furnish a reading. I did both, and without asking why the information was called for."

He bent over the dead man's horoscope.

"An interesting map. You see Scorpio in the ascendant, making Rudolf Jahnes a native of the sign. And here is Mars in the eighth house; Mars, the ruler, and therefore most potent in that

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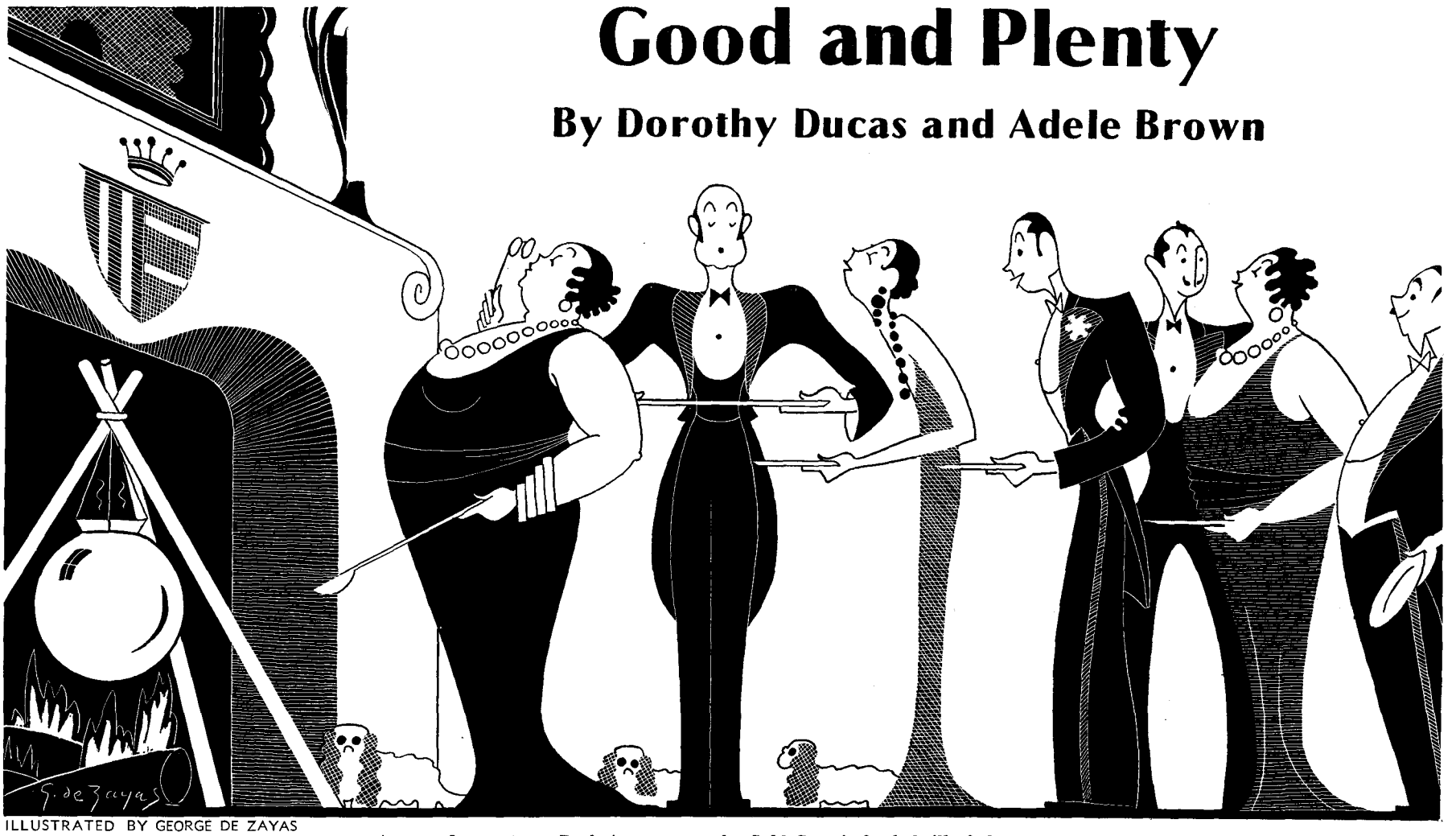
Good and Plenty

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A camp-fire party on Park Avenue was the Gold Coast's food thrill of the season

With a great dropping of foreign cookbooks, the country, led by the First Lady, is delving into family recipe files. Have a slice of Wallace ham loaf? And please pass the Wadsworth shortcake

WHEN Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, chatting calmly with guests in the governor's mansion at Albany, heard that her husband had been nominated for President of the United States, amid the exuberant congratulations she got out the chafing dish and set about scrambling eggs.

Telegraph wires chattered. Radios blasted. Doorbells clanged. Out in the street people cheered. The next First Lady dished up and served what is now regarded as the first of her famous informal American meals:

Eggs, done to that proper shade of gleaming gold; cold ham in nests of green parsley; tomato and lettuce salad in a great wooden bowl, of which there are so many in the Roosevelt household; crisp cookies like those in a traditional grandmother's pantry; custard pie, well browned on top; steaming coffee and creamy cocoa.

Everybody, of course, helped himself. The President-to-be ate the most custard pie.

That was the kind of culinary celebration the Roosevelts were used to and liked; simple food, no fuss, good friends to share the meal.

Mrs. Roosevelt when she went to the White House continued the "homey" eating and entertaining habits of the Roosevelt family there. She announced she was going to try to incorporate into the White House bill of fare as many typically American dishes as she could, and invited Sheila Hibben, expert in national cookery, to do some research on the subject.

Her followers delightedly stopped hunting down exotic dishes and began delving into culinary Americana. Husbands' reluctance to attend dinner parties withered before prospects of simple and hearty food.

One popular New York matron held a reunion of guests she had entertained at her ranch in Wyoming and served, in her oak-paneled living-room on Park Avenue, the selfsame menu that had delighted them before. From a tripod kettle set in the fireplace, she ladled steaming bowls of black bean soup, while individual beefsteaks were sizzling on the open grate. Beneath the austere gaze of portraits by Sargent and Brewer, baked potatoes were raked from hot coals; pot cheese, sliced Bermuda onions and hard-tack appeared. Coffee in tin cups. It was a meal that had been eaten thousands of times in the days of the opening of the West, but its originality was hailed all along New York's Gold Coast.

A limitless wealth of American recipes awaits the enthusiastic seeker, two other famous hostesses from North and West agreed. They were Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, wife of the congressman from Geneseo, New York, and Mrs. Henry Wallace, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, from Des Moines, Iowa.

It's What Americans Like

"What is American food?" we asked them.

"Well, mine is a chicken family," replied Mrs. Wadsworth. "We serve it roasted, fried, stewed, creamed with rice—and in soup."

But when she thinks of American food, she also includes clam chowder, oyster soup, corned beef hash, cream of tomato soup, and *pie for breakfast*, apple and cherry preferred.

Mrs. Wallace mentioned baked potato, pumpkin pie, corn on the cob, waffles, brownies, crumb cake, ice cream and—best of all—*pop corn* as her choices of typical star-spangled foods.

Mrs. Wadsworth has a favorite soup that is known in the great house in northern New York merely as "Grandma's Soup." It is made of a pint and a half of chicken consommé, to which a stalk of finely chopped celery is added, a cup of rich cream, pinch of salt and one cup of boiled rice. The trick is in skimming off the fat before the cream is put in, and adding a tablespoon of chopped parsley just five minutes before the soup is served.

Mrs. Henry C. Wallace, mother of the Secretary, now living in Des Moines, has handed down several bits of kitchen lore which are in constant use in the Washington apartment of the famous New Dealer. One is Ham Loaf, made of center-cut ham and pork butts. This is a joke in the Wallace household, for the author of the famous AAA pork scheme is not much of a meat-eater at all.

He eats Ham Loaf, however, and with such relish that it goads the Wallace cook to greater efforts with the meat grinder, when the two pounds of ham and one pound of pork butts are in preparation. Here's how it's done, after the grinding:

Add to the meat four crackers soaked in half a cup of milk, and three beaten eggs. Mix into a loaf and bake for two hours, basting occasionally. That's all, and it serves nine people—they figure on large families in Iowa.

Another of Grandmother Wallace's recipes is Crumb Cake. She got that one from her own mother, the Secretary's wife told us. Crumb cake is made of two cups of light brown sugar, two teaspoons of nutmeg, three cups of flour, a teaspoon of cinnamon, a scant cup of shortening, all mixed together thoroughly.

"Before you go very far, though, you take out a cup of the mixture," said Mrs. Wallace, "and put it aside for the top of the cake. That's the secret of the whole thing, for that cupful on top of the finished cake makes it *look* so delicious!"

To the rest of the mixture add two well-beaten eggs, a cup of sour milk (which is always better in cakes than sweet milk, Iowans will tell you), half a level teaspoon of soda and a teaspoon of baking powder. Beat the whole thing well and turn into a greased pan. Then, remember that saved cup of dough? Sprinkle it over the top of the other mixture, before you bake it in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. You can add chopped nuts, if desired.

Mrs. Washington's Crab Soup

Dishes-with-a-history, even impersonal, are every bit as complicated in their preparation as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of France, you know, but worth it. Mrs. Washington's Crab Soup, as a matter of fact, could never be other than a special occasion dish, even in the White House. It takes a whole quart of milk, eight hard-shell crabs, two hard-boiled eggs, and such minor additions as the grated peel of a lemon, a tablespoon of butter, a tablespoon of flour, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, three quarters of a cup of sherry, a half cup of cream, salt and pepper. Blending these is a solemn ritual, imbued with patriotic fervor. You can pick out the meat of the crabs, or use half a pound of the canned variety, and boil it for half an hour. Then you mash the eggs to a paste with a large fork, adding the butter, flour, lemon peel and a dash of pepper. Bring the milk to a boil and pour it gradually on to the paste; then put the whole thing over a low fire, adding the crabmeat. When it has simmered for five minutes, add the cream and bring it to a boil again. The last thing you do is add the sherry, a pinch of salt and the Worcestershire sauce, heating the whole soup so it will be served hot, but not boiling it after the sherry is in.

Ida Wallace smiled apologetically when we asked for some of her recipes.

"You will find them very plain," she

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"If you give me dinner here, Fero won't mind"

Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

THROUGH Lennie Ward, a sleek young adventurer, Eve Langham, secretary of Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, gets the job of hostess in "The Regalia," a night club. Her family living in a suburb and tyrannizing over her, she takes a small flat in the city; and says nothing about her night work.

A short time later, shocked by Sir Edgar's violent love-making, she gives up her secretarial job. Then, dancing at the club, she sees Sir Edgar enter with a girl—*her sister, Sophia!*

Aware that Sophia has never worked before and believing that she knows nothing of her difficulty with Sir Edgar, Eve is amazed to learn that Sophia has succeeded her in Sir Edgar's office. But the explanation is simple: Lennie, supposed to be in love with Eve, has suddenly switched to Sophia, is preparing to marry her. He has told Sophia of the vacancy at Sir Edgar's; and she has filled it.

Aware of the perils confronting her sister, Eve resolves to protect her, if she can. But she herself is confronted with problems. Something sinister is shaping at The Regalia—she does not know just what. Everyone there—Fero, the manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; Tonetti, the orchestra leader; and even some of the guests—seems nervous. Among the guests, the one who shows the greatest concern is a rugged explorer, Captain Jonathan Horne, who gives every evidence of being deeply interested in Eve. *And he is in touch with Scotland Yard! . . .*

Horne mystifies her. He tells her that he knows her every move; but he will give her no reason for his constant surveillance. At times, he seems on the verge of telling her some great secret; but invariably, altering his tone suddenly, he proceeds, instead, to administer fatherly advice. On various occasions he makes it obvious that he regards her as something of an enigma—a girl who, sweet and innocent though she appears to be, may be a very dangerous person.

Thankful that she is independent, that her father and mother (an avaricious pair who have made her life unbearable at home) can no longer dictate to her, that they do not even know where she is now living, she goes to her flat one afternoon. There, awaiting her, is—*her mother!*

VII

BEFORE Mrs. Langham heard her feet upon the stairs, Eve paused. She was arrested by something in her mother's attitude—a difference, a kind of liveliness instead of that petulant resignation which habitually cloaked her. She was putting up one hand in its willfully deplorable glove, and tracing a scroll of the ironwork gate. She leaned forward, her face close to it, and looked through intently to the narrow landing. The sun fell through the skylight overhead and barred the landing with gold, while the gate made laced shadows on the opposite wall. The door of the kitchenette, half open, displayed the bright gleam of new pots and pans.

Actually some little word, some murmur of admiration, escaped from Mrs. Langham's lips; and as she turned her head so that her daughter caught her profile, she smiled a smile which Eve had never seen before on her mother's face.

But then Mrs. Langham sensed a presence behind her, turned and saw her elder daughter; the smile lingered for a moment as if beyond her control, and then it disappeared from her face like a beam veiled by a cloud.

Eve's first thought: "And I said only this morning that none of them should come here!"

How had her mother learned her address?

Lennie, of course! There had been this unfriendly reason for his pressing so unnecessarily for it last night.

"Why, Mother," she said coolly and gently.

Mrs. Langham looked at her. "Yes, Eve; your mother. You might have known that I should consider it my duty to find you out, Eve."

"Oh, Mother. Duty! Duty! Duty!"

MRS. LANGHAM had to look up at her daughter, who was slightly taller than she. Her eyes traveled deliberately from the blue shoes—historied shoes that had taken Eve on her first night's dancing at the Regalia—to the blue frock, and the new white hat tilted down over the red hair; and dropped again to the crisp whiteness of the gloves. Every eyelid flick commented: "Look at you."

"Yes, Eve, duty," she repeated.

The picture of the little restaurant in Coventry Street, where she had left Lennie and Sophia ensconced, drinking their expensive liqueur brandies, rose before Eve. They were graceless; and they were right—those two, in the way they knew and plucked the flowers of life by every wayside.

She spoke slowly: "Well, come in, Mother, since you're here," and unlocked that so precious portal.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Langham, compressing her lips as she stepped through. "The gate of freedom, I suppose," she said thinly.

But then, as if in spite of herself, that small yet transcendent change came over her again. She lost her petulance, her resentment, almost lost her willful weariness.

She lost Eve.

The gleam of a saucepan on a shelf drew her through the kitchenette door. Without a word she squeezed herself into that tiny space between an electric cooker, enameled ice-box, shining crockery, shining hardware—very little of it indeed, but all there was had been polished lovingly.

And the sun tumbling through the skylight, as if with largesse of gold to spare, burnished every possible article till it became a reflector.

Her hand on the door of her sitting-room, opening it, Eve watched her mother. She saw the change. Dim memories ran back to her, of a very much younger mother; a girlish mother pleased with life, with cooking, with nursing, with babies, with her husband; proud of her household things that were still new. And with a rush, gentleness came back to her for this mother, and unwonted words rose to her lips.

"You love charming things, after all, don't you, Mother?"

It was a strange thing to be said by a daughter who for so long had held the rooted conviction that her mother approved only of drabness and dourness, discipline and renunciation.

But she was looking at a woman who was rather like the young Sophia at this moment, in that she was almost a bride again.

A couple of shining saucepans with the sun on them, some blue crockery, and the kitchenette's new white enamel

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The Watch on the Rhine

An American girl in Germany is seized and thrown into jail on unexplained charges of espionage. Casual motorists are abruptly halted at the edges of mysterious forests. Airplanes disappear into hidden hangars. Accredited visitors are refused admittance to German steel works. What mystery is brewing beyond the Rhine? France knows the answer and has been proclaiming it very loud and clear: Germany is rearming in a big way. From authoritative sources Mr. Ybarra has obtained the facts in the case and here presents them

By T.R.Ybarra

BEFORE Adolf Hitler grabbed supreme control of Germany, many people in other countries (excepting France) doubted that the Germans were rearming. They refused to believe that the mild-mannered democrats running the post-war German republic were, in reality (as the French insisted), militaristic wolves in socialistic sheep's clothing.

But, after Adolf had come prancing into power, opinion all over the world changed with a bang.

Though he talked conciliation, his speeches smelled of gunpowder. And the most casual glance at the scowling satellites around him—especially Hard-Boiled Hermann Goering—was enough to take all sweetness and light out of Adolf's words. Evidence soon began to pour out of Germany tending to show that she was increasing her regular army, building herself a formidable fleet of war planes, training masses of reservists, manufacturing or importing everything needed by a first-class military power.

A little while ago Stanley Baldwin, who was running the British government in the absence of Prime Minister Ramsay Macdonald, who was laid up for repairs, told the House of Commons, apropos of the talk about German rearmament in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles:

"The rumors that have been prevalent about the formation of an army we believe to be fact, and that Germany is in the course of expansion of her long-service army of 100,000 men into a short-term peace-time army of 300,000 men. . . . To what extent that has been completed I cannot say for certain, but it is proceeding and undoubtedly will be accomplished."

Then he declared:

"Far more interesting is the air position. I think it is correct to say that the Germans are engaged in creating an air force. . . . The budget in 1932-33 amounted to 43,250,000 reichsmarks, and on that budget Germany was operating a markedly successful civil aviation. The next year the figures rose to 75,000,000 and this year to the surprising figure of 210,000,000."

He added that these evidences of German aerial rearmament implied no cause for panic or alarm in Britain or elsewhere. But another prominent English politician, Winston Churchill, who loves Hitler slightly less than he does a rattlesnake, expressed emphatic disagreement with Baldwin's optimism. On the same day that Baldwin spoke, Churchill informed the House of Commons:

"By the end of 1936 the German military air force will be nearly 50 per cent stronger, and in 1937 double the strength of Great Britain's."

Thus Churchill ranged himself on the side of those students of the European situation—especially numerous and vociferous in France—who have steadily maintained that, ever since Hitler became Germany's All-Highest, the Germans have been rearming, in the air and on land, in an iron resolve to transform themselves from a disarmed and defenseless nation into one of the most formidable military powers.

Is Germany rearming? If so, at what future date will she reach the stage of complete rearmament? Is she rearming for defense or for aggression?

In seeking an answer to these questions, it is well to take up first that phase of the situation which is so much on the minds of Stanley Baldwin, Winston Churchill and other statesmen equally prominent in England and elsewhere—Germany's rearmament activities in the air.

Ever since Hermann Goering became Hitler's aviation minister he has displayed ruthless energy in the task of bringing to Germany aerial supremacy. On that all observers are agreed. During the World War Goering was one of his country's most daring airmen; in fact, he succeeded to the command of Richthofen's renowned Flying Circus after Richthofen had been shot down. So there can be no doubt that his knowledge of the military flying game is based on the roughest sort of personal experience.

When he took on the job of staging a German come-back in the air, his fellow countrymen had already developed an excellent fleet of commercial planes. They had become the most air-minded people in Europe. Their network of commercial air lines, connecting Germany's important cities, had served to keep in training hundreds of pilots who had distinguished themselves in the war. It had produced, moreover, a small army of younger pilots, in whom the French, ever on the alert for German preparation for another conflict, recognized qualities far more martial than commercial. So Goering found ready to his hand from three to four thousand pilots, what with veterans and younger men, kept at a high pitch of efficiency by the daily operation of thousands of passenger planes on scores of commercial air lanes.

But this was not enough for Hard-Boiled Hermann. Like many other experts, he believes that commercial planes, no matter how modern, cannot be transformed satisfactorily into war machines. Though they may serve in war as transports, he thinks, they are not for the fighting line. So he set himself without delay to creating for Germany a formidable fleet of war planes.

That was less than two years ago. Today Germany already has such a fleet. French military authorities, discarding the sensational rumors which alarm millions of Frenchmen, nevertheless place its strength in up-to-date fighting aircraft at between 1,000 and 1,100. Stanley Baldwin, while also refusing to get panicky, recently estimated it as between 600 and 1,000.

French and British estimates of the extent of German rearmament in the air coincide strikingly with independent observations of Americans. No recent American visitor to Germany who has kept his eyes open has failed to sense the amazing activity which Hermann Goering has instilled into his crusade. His aim has been to make the German nation as air-minded in a military sense as it already was from the commercial point of view when he became Hitler's czar of aviation.

His organization of German youths in an aviation union, though ostensibly purely for the development of aviation as a sport, undoubtedly has a military driving force behind it. And it has been established, both through actual investigation and accidental ocular proof, that a number of military airdromes

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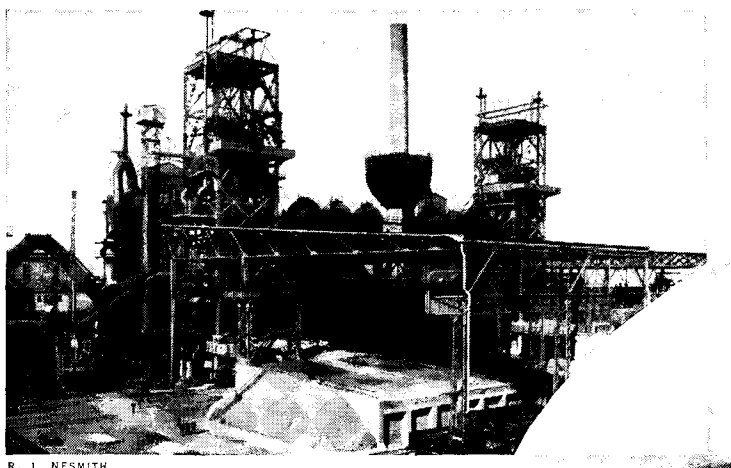

R. I. NESMITH

Coke ovens at the Krupp works, Essen. Foreigners are now barred from this plant

Hermann Goering, German aviation minister, who has developed a formidable air force, with his leader, Chancellor Adolf Hitler

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Designers at the German Admiralty evolving plans for new sea weapons

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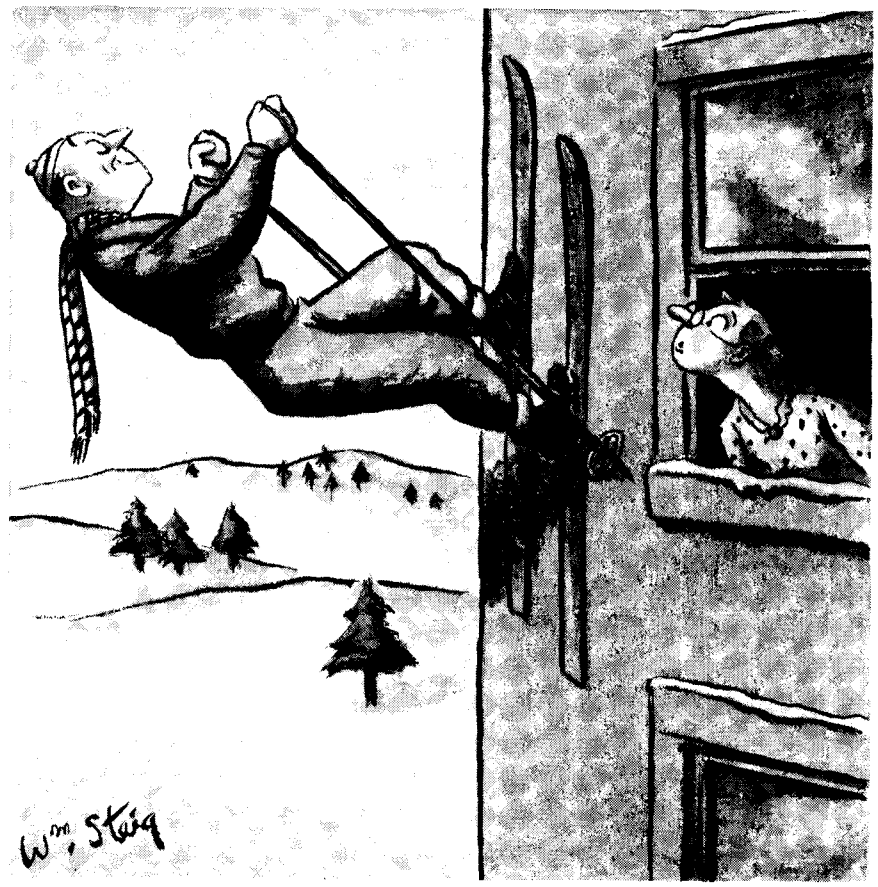
Slippy Go Down

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Gliding gracefully over the technicalities of langlaufing and the Arlberg turn, Mr. Crichton introduces the American sport of skiing, or how to get down in the world



A good skier can go up the side of a house if the mood strikes him. It's a triumph of science

Plain just-for-fun skiing has no equal as a winter holiday sport for the entire family

Unless you know how to stop, the sensible thing to do is fall down

You don't need snow to break your neck—pine needles will do

WHEN you see a news-reel picture of a Scandinavian gentleman flying through the air with the greatest of ease, you are likely to get the wrong impression of skiing. The jumping is spectacular, but it compares to the rest of skiing much as the Indianapolis Speedway race corresponds to motoring in general. There is no difficulty in jumping; the trouble is in landing. Consequently only the experts get much fun out of it. The real skiing is what the family does on the hill out behind the barn.

The first trick is to get some snow. Once you have that, you start out. You have those two wooden skids on your feet and those two ski poles in your hands to ward off wild animals, rocks and imminent death and you feel that everything is all right. Equipped in that fashion, it seems simple enough—until you stand up. If you have sufficient sense of stability and happen to be at the top of a slope, you will be able to get down the hill while still on your feet. What you do on reaching the bottom will be a matter for your better judgment. Unless you know how to stop the sensible thing to do is fall down and hope you won't meet a barbed-wire fence. Otherwise you'll simply keep going until inertia or a fir tree overcomes you.

The point is that you can't just go out and ski any more than you can just go out and hit a golf ball. But when you once get it, you are apt to be as insane as the golf nuts. There have always been skiers in this country, but they have generally been jumpers and it is only in recent years that the sport has assumed the importance of a mania. The skiing regions are naturally the snowy regions, both east and west. The championships were held last year at Chicago and Estes Park, Colorado, and the Olympic tryouts will be held this winter at Lake Placid, New York, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Rainier National Park, Washington. Perhaps the greatest number of skiers live in the Boston area and the week-end "snow trains" are as much a part of New England life as the Harvard-Yale specials.

But that is only the formal end of it. Skiing was once merely the practical matter of getting the groceries home from the store, but it is now a sport with as much tradition, technical hocus-pocus and mystery as contract bridge. But it is plain that without technique you will get nowhere on skis.

What you learn first is a christie. The name is from Christiania, Norway, and is emblematic of the fact that skiing was originally a Scandinavian business. It started years ago on a practical basis of getting from one place to another and only attained its peak as a recreation when it reached the Bavarian Alps. Because of the contour of the country, the Norse were straightaway skiers. They used the upright, feet-together stance and simply went down one hill and up the other. It worked fine in Norway but not so well in the Alps, where the skiers were contending with mountains. If you came down an Alp in straightaway fashion, all you would get for your pains would be a cold death in a crevasse. You had to make abrupt turns and you had to make them in a hurry. In short, the technique had to be altered, and it was altered about twenty years ago by Hannes Schneider, the Austrian.

Schneider developed the Arlberg turn, which allowed the skiers to take the bends on high. It was much like the change wrought in prize-fighting by Jack Dempsey with his crouching and swaying. The Scandinavians corresponded to the old stand-up fighters. Under the Arlberg system, the skiers traveled with their feet wide apart and in a crouching position. It was not graceful or beautiful but it was highly effective and it established speed racing. The jumps had been done from the start, but the intricate business of downhill racing against time now came into popularity. The long races, the *langlaufing*, which are like our cross-country races by foot runners, were also bettered by the new method. In many ways they are the real test of a skier. The length of the races varies, but they are generally about twelve miles and they constitute a test of stamina and resourcefulness.

To give variety to skiing, they added the salalom, which is an obstacle race and yet not a steeplechase. You don't jump over anything but you have to go round a lot of them. It is a great test of technique in that it consists almost entirely of turns. A good skier can fall several times and win the event, but it will be better if he keeps aloft and continues progress.

With Hannes Schneider at Arlberg was Otto Schniebs, who is now ski coach at Dartmouth. Schniebs was an artist by profession and a skier by temperament. In the bad days after the war, he decided that the United States offered a better chance for food and turned up eventually in Waltham, Massachusetts, designing watches. At the first fall of snow, however, he practically lost all love for his craft and began to hunt around for a hill. He had left his skiing equipment back home but managed to fit himself out with enough to get started. He rigged up his own bindings, made his own ski poles and hoped that the skis he had borrowed from an old Swede wouldn't spring up and brain him. It was only after he had been on the hill an hour doing a series of christies, stems, Arlbergs and general swoops and flourishes that he became aware the populace was watching him. They had seen jumps before

(Continued on page 33)

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SORE THROAT

SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

Listerine gets results because it is first of all a powerful, though safe, antiseptic which attacks millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Tests have shown that when used as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it full strength at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA
Every Saturday . . . 82 NBC Stations

PLEASANT TO TASTE . . . SAFE TO USE

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Shooting Stars

Continued from page 12

you, Marlene," he says to Dietrich. He always talks to her in German.

She shrugs her shoulders and laughs. "I've got nothing else to do," she says unexpectedly in English. She stands there for fifteen minutes while von Sternberg shifts the lights.

Finally satisfied with the lighting, von Sternberg again mounts the crane, gets behind the camera and once more the scene is shot. Von Sternberg is the despair of producers who have to think of pictures in terms of dollars and cents. He takes three or four months to make a picture. He will rehearse and rehearse. He will make retake after retake. Once started, his only idea is to make the best picture possible.

Yes, sir, he's the Head Man. He never discusses production procedure with his assistants. He merely gives orders. The press agents have made an aloof, almost legendary, figure out of von Sternberg. That's good business. Von Sternberg really did the same thing to himself that he did to Marlene. He created a personality, draped it around himself and found that it fitted pretty well.

Finally the scene was shot to his satisfaction and he dismissed the actors. They had been at it for eight hours under those burning lights. Von Sternberg sat down a bit wearily and lit a cigarette.

"That was a day's work," I suggested.

"It was," he laughed. "And we're only starting. We have three months of this in front of us. We've taken all day on just this one small scene. Before we are finished we will have shot perhaps fifteen hundred little scenes like this. Then we string them all together. In another month we'll all be a bit crazy. When I finish here I go home, lock my door and try to sleep. After a few weeks the accumulated tension gets you so that you see these scenes dancing in front of you all night. You just live with a picture when you're making it. Really you aren't fit to live with anyone else."

It Must Be Authentic

Cecil De Mille is Jovian thunder rolling out of a megaphone. De Mille is the greatest actor he himself ever directed. De Mille owns a beautiful yacht. Often he boards it to spend a few days alone with his thoughts and the De Mille legend. Even when alone he invariably dresses for dinner. He acts, even when he is his only audience. And when he really has an audience. . . .

He was making Cleopatra. De Mille was standing, perched on the tip of a traveling camera crane and below him stood eight hundred extras, soldiers, all ready to swing into action. Many were bare from the waist up and the sun pouring down had caused the body make-up of one of those soldiers to run, giving his skin a streaky effect. De Mille noticed it.

"Make-up man!" he called through his megaphone. There was no answer. "Make-up man!" he called, this time more loudly, with undertones of irritation cracking his voice. The silence was deafening. The poor make-up man, thinking his job done, had gone in search of some shade.

"Make-up man!" De Mille thundered this time through the public-address system. It was a prelude to a De Mille tirade and the extras waited expectantly. De Mille stood there trembling with rage.

Again the Master called and again silence. Then, "Miss Barrye! Miss Barrye!" he called. His secretary, notebook in hand, peered up at him from the foot of the crane.

"Take a letter, Miss Barrye," De Mille's tones were icy-cold now. "Take a letter to Mr. Leahy. Send carbon copies to Mr. Emanuel Cohn and Mr. Burns. Tell them that this scene—this scene which is costing me twenty thousand dollars—is being held up because a make-up man isn't sufficiently interested to stay on the job. Tell them, Miss Barrye . . ."

In his office you see another De Mille. Keen-looking, precise, academic, intellectual—he is indeed another De Mille.

"When I conceived the idea of making Cleopatra," he said, "I went to Egypt and to Rome. I studied the locale thoroughly. I had agents in Rome, Moscow, Paris, London send me everything they could find on Cleopatra, Antony and Cæsar. Oh, I don't mean the Cleopatra of Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw. I mean the real Cleopatra—the woman who matched wits and won against the greatest war lords of her day. When I had all this in my mind the picture was half done. I spent fifty thousand dollars in research before we even got down to writing a script. When that was done and the casting and planning were done all I had to do was to shoot the picture. That was easy."

The walls of his office were lined with paintings of men in armor and women in medieval dress. At present De Mille is working on a picture to be called The Crusades. He has been working on it for seven months and hasn't turned a camera yet. He starts within a month.

"Look at those pictures," De Mille said, getting up from his desk. "I wanted to find out exactly what kind of uniforms, armor and weapons the Crusaders used. The Metropolitan Museum of Art furnished me with hundreds of photographs—photographs of actual armor, helmets, dress. There they are. I have artists paint reproductions. Here's a helmet, for instance."

He picked up a huge helmet from a table.

"Compare it with this photograph of the helmets used by the Crusaders. You'll see it's an exact copy. I give these pictures to the people who make armor and they make me faithful copies.

"Authentic, authentic," he was talking half to himself, half to me. "Everything in this picture will be authentic, as it was in Cleopatra. Yet fools will write to me and say that I am taking liberties with history. By the time I was ready to start Cleopatra I knew as much about her as anyone in the world. Harold Lamb, the greatest living authority on the Crusades, is helping me with this picture. It will be authentic. . . ."

Up the Ladder

That is De Mille. Unlike von Sternberg, he only shoots a scene two or three times. The shooting for De Mille is in the nature of an anticlimax. His picture has been made at his desk.

Mervyn Le Roy is the office boy who made good and married the boss' daughter. Not so long ago he was selling newspapers on the streets of San Francisco and today when they talk of the four best directors in Hollywood they always mention the thirty-four-year-old Le Roy, who isn't much bigger and doesn't look much older than his namesake, Baby Le Roy.

Twelve years ago Mervyn Le Roy was making forty dollars a week and smoking ten-cent cigars. Today he makes three thousand a week and smokes fifteen-cent cigars. Otherwise he hasn't changed much. He's one director who earned his way up to the top. He's been song-and-dance man, assistant cameraman, cameraman, gag man, assistant director and director. He is no genius. He isn't too smart. He's about as temperamental as a dish of oatmeal and he has no special flair for anything. Yet he makes great pictures. Little Cæsar, Five Star Final, I Am a Fugitive were certainly great pictures. And when he's not making great pictures he's making good ones. Nobody can tell you what it is he has that the others lack—not even himself—but watch him work and you get a hint as to what he has.

Directors Debunked

He's shooting Sweet Adeline. Irene Dunne is in a dressing-room and Donald Woods comes in. Some dialogue follows working up to the point where she tells him to leave—she doesn't want to see him any more. It's a heart throb all right—this lover's quarrel due to a misunderstanding which the audience is in on.

They rehearse the scene again and again. Irene is trying too hard. She overacts and unfortunately is conscious of it. She just can't put the heart throb into the lines when she tells the boy to leave.

"Let's shoot it," Le Roy says. It's warm on the set and his coat is off. Coming on the set unexpectedly you'd mistake Le Roy for one of the electricians. No puttees, no colored shirts, no mannerisms—he's working and has no time for affectations.

"Turn it over," he says mildly, and they go through the scene.

"That wasn't very good, Mervyn, was it?" Irene says nervously.

"It was fine," Le Roy encourages her, and you are puzzled, for, inexperienced as you are, you realize that it was rather bad. "But you can do even better. Let's try again."

Once again they go through it. Once more Irene is tense, wooden, uninspired. She's still trying too hard. They finish.

"Great! Great!" Le Roy exclaims as Irene turns an apprehensive eye toward him. "That was marvelous, Irene. You caught it just right."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she replied. The tenseness leaves her.

"Oh, by the way, Irene," Le Roy says casually, "that shot was perfect but we might make one more. Sure, just to show the boss we're working. But just breeze through it. I won't use it. I like it the way you just played it. Just clown through it this time."

"All right," Irene laughs.

"Turn it over," Le Roy calls and once more Irene and the boy do their stuff. Now the tenseness is gone. Irene is unworried. She's herself again. She feels that a difficult scene has been finally done. She just breezes through it this time as Le Roy suggested. And she is marvelous. Mervyn is smiling as Irene works up to the climax of the scene. Irene isn't overacting now.

That's the shot that will appear in the picture. It's an example of how Le Roy works. He has a sense of humor too great to let him take himself seriously. He is not The Great Director on the lot. He is a human person who knows how to deal with other human persons. He knows all the tricks all right. And he knows human nature.

I sat with Le Roy in his office and he leaned back, put his feet on the desk and pulled out a box of cigars.

"I'll tell you something," he said unexpectedly. "There's more bunk written about directors and their genius than anything I know. Did you ever meet a genius? I never did. Yet every time a good picture is made you read about the directorial genius of the man who directed it. How I laugh."

He lit a cigar. "When my mother comes home from seeing a picture and I ask her how she likes it she never says, 'It was well directed,' or 'The photography was marvelous.' She says, 'It was a wonderful story,' or 'It was a poor story.' Multiply my mother by a few million and you've got the picture public of America.

"A director," Le Roy continued through a cloud of smoke, "never 'makes' a picture. Give a director a good story and, if he is a good director, he'll reproduce the story faithfully and he'll have a good picture. Give him a lousy story and the best director in the world can't make a good picture out of it. The writer is the important one in this business. The producer, the director, the actors are all trying to put his story on the screen. If they do a good job—it's a fine picture and you know what happens? The star or the director gets the credit, all of which is a laugh to me.

"Now, I," he said, "have never made a really good picture yet. On the level. Every time I finish a picture and look at it I kick myself forty times for mistakes I see in it. But I think Five Star Final came close to being a good picture. Do you know that we used the same set—a newspaper office—for four reels of that picture? A cheap, ramshackle, newspaper office and for four reels all of our dialogue and action took place there. But the dialogue was so gripping, the action so sincere that it held the attention of the audience. That's what I mean when I say the story is the thing.

Making Pictures is a Trade

"Elaborate sets? Trick photography? Nuts," he snorted. "Give people a good story, tell it simply and sincerely and you've got something. But you've got to have that good story to start with."

"I think your publicity man will have a fit when he sees this story," I told him. "You directors are supposed to be mysterious, temperamental artists. You're supposed to be glamorous. And here you are saying that directors aren't very important and you've got your feet on the desk and you're smoking a big, black, vulgar-looking cigar. Not," I added hastily, "that it's a bad cigar."

"Have another," he said, grinning. "Listen, the day of all that bunk is gone. If a director spends half his time on the set acting himself how can he make an honest picture? Making pictures is a trade and it's a trade I know. Hell, I ought to—I was brought up from the gutter as far as making pictures goes. I've been through every end of it and, as I say, I haven't made a good picture yet—and I probably never will. But you can bet your life I'll make honest pictures, sincere pictures that I, myself, can believe in. And I'll use actors who believe in the parts they are playing. This talk about art in pictures makes me sick. Take a fine story. Work faithfully on it, make a sincere picture out of it and you may end up with something that will live and that will be really fine. But you don't do it by talking about art, or by putting on a high hat."

The percentage of charlatans among directors is very high. It is refreshing to hear Le Roy confess that a director after all is nothing more or less than a stooge for the producer and the author. And Le Roy is a good director. Even though he doesn't wear puttees or subscribe to the Great Man tradition.

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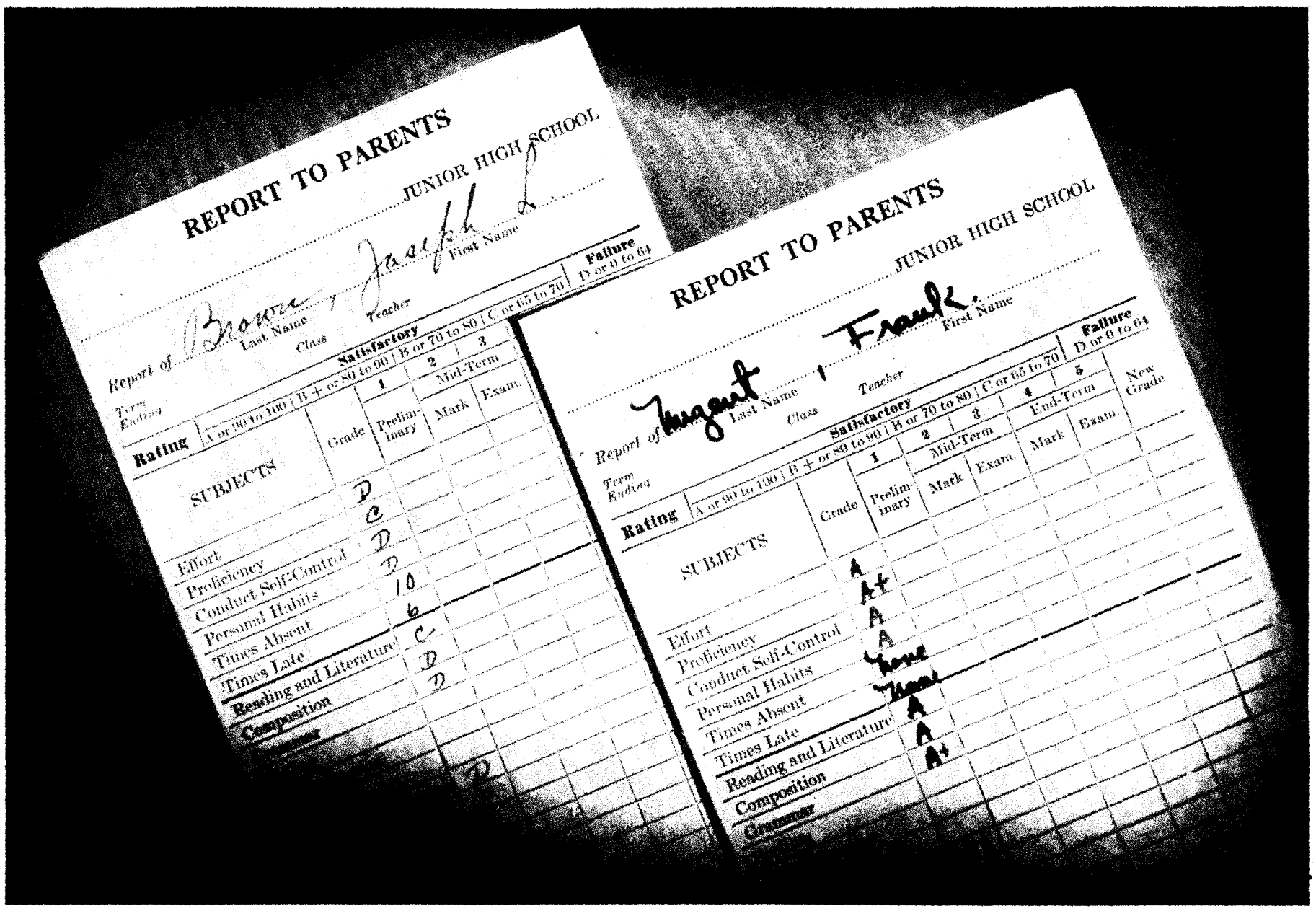

Here are the report cards of TWO BOYS

The I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp . . designed by the Illuminating Engineering Society . . gives abundant, glareless light and minimizes eyestrain. See it at your lighting company, department store, furniture store, or lighting fixture dealer's.

One boy brought his report card home with a flourish of pride. The other boy kept his in his pocket until his mother asked for it. But was he to blame?

Poor light may have contributed to his failure. Perhaps he has been doing his home work in inadequate light, straining his eyes and causing him to become too tired to study properly.

This tag identifies an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp. Look for it when you buy.

The thoughtful parents of the boy with the good report card had provided him with a new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp, fitted with a 100-watt genuine General Electric MAZDA lamp. And they undoubtedly see that his eyes are examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.

General Electric MAZDA lamps give you all the light you pay for . . . do not blacken easily or burn out too soon. Look for the GE monogram when you buy lamps and you will get good light at low cost. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

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Ask Miss Mott

Continued from page 9

The first thing the 'ussy does is to try to get to see my 'usband alone. He's too clever for that, and keeps out of 'er way. The impudent 'ussy then actually came to see me, and an outrageous story she told. Out of the 'ouse I packed her pretty quick. My 'usband may have his weak moments—gentlemen do, it seems to me now, since the war—but not with servant girls."

Mr. Bland Potterson fingered his tie impressively.

"I should think not," he declared.

"What happened to her?" Miss Mott asked quietly, with a sudden inexplicable curiosity.

"She appeared to have no friends," Mrs. Bland Potterson confided. "They took her in at some sort of institution, I believe, to have her baby. Her last letter was written from there."

"And now?"

"She died," was the indifferent and yet somewhat shamefaced reply. "She was a vicious little cat even on her deathbed. She got the clergyman to write that last letter there for her. Spiteful little beast!"

"And the child?"

Mr. Bland Potterson jangled the keys in his pocket.

"Who the devil cares anything about the child?" he demanded. "They put her into the workhouse, I think. Best place, too. Anyway, like a couple of mugs, we kept her letters—some of them to my wife, and some of them to me—and they were stolen by a servant. Now you know the whole of the story, Miss Mott, and the letters are going upon the fire within the next few minutes."

Mrs. Bland Potterson leaned over and opened a bag upon the table by her side. From amongst a sheaf of money she selected a five-pound note, and showed it to her husband.

"Yes, yes, my dear," he agreed, with a wave of the hand. "We can afford it. Certainly."

Mrs. Bland Potterson handed the five-pound note over to Miss Mott, and rang the bell.

"There you are, young lady," she announced, with ponderous grandiloquence. "Don't say a word, I beg of you. You're very welcome."

Miss Mott was feeling a little confused. She looked at the note, she looked at Mrs. Bland Potterson, she looked at the short, pompous figure of her husband, she looked at the butler, waiting to see her out, and gained at last some inspiration. She handed the note into his eager fingers.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting me a taxi," she begged.

MISS MOTT, as she crossed the pavement toward the waiting taxi, was very angry indeed. She was angry with herself, she was angry with the obsequious butler, she was more than ever angry with Mr. and Mrs. Bland Potterson. It seemed to her, however, that the climax had been reached when she flung herself back in the corner of the taxicab and became conscious that it was already occupied!

"Who are you?" she cried, leaning forward. "This is my taxicab."

"Then I cannot congratulate you upon your choice, Miss Mott," a voice answered. "It is a very poor vehicle."

Miss Mott gasped.

"What on earth are you doing in here?" she demanded.

"I followed you," her dimly seen companion confessed. "I wanted to see how you got on with Mr. and Mrs. Bland Potterson."

"Beastly people!" she exclaimed.

He laughed softly.

"I had an idea you would not be pleased," he said. "I have to ask you a delicate question, Miss Mott. Please do not refuse to answer me."

"Well?"

"How much did they give you?"

"Five pounds," she answered scornfully. "I gave it to the butler."

This time his laugh, although just as soft, was more prolonged.

"I told you what unpleasant people they were. I am going to call on them myself in a few minutes."

"What do you mean? What do you want with them?"

"That would take too long to tell just now," he answered. "We are, I gather, on our way back to your rooms."

"We are just there."

"Then, will you be so kind," he begged, "as to slip into an evening gown—black would suit you very well, I think, with your pretty hair and your perfect complexion. I should like to dine somewhere where the light is not too good nor the music too loud—say Ciro's Grill Room—in an hour. I want

to tell you about Mr. and Mrs. Bland Potterson."

"I think," Miss Mott said deliberately, "that you are mad!"

"And I think," he rejoined, "that you are terribly attractive. In one hour's time, I shall be waiting for you in the hall."

"I shall not be there," Miss Mott declared positively.

"I shall hope for the best," the man replied.

MR. and Mrs. Bland Potterson were still indulging in their orgy of complacent self-congratulation.

The door was thrown open. The butler once more insinuated his bland presence.

"The Honorable Mr. Gervase Mallincourt," he announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland Potterson were surprised. The young man who was approaching them was without doubt a person of consequence. Mrs. Bland Potterson smiled a greeting.

"I must apologize for this intrusion," the newcomer said. "My only excuse is that I shall merely keep you a matter of two minutes."

"Something to do with the election, perhaps?" Mr. Bland Potterson suggested. "Take a chair, Mr.—er—Mallincourt."

"Your surmise is correct," the visitor agreed. "It has something to do with the election."

He produced a packet of letters from his pocket, folded together and secured with a rubber band.

"A quarter of an hour ago," the young man went on, "you bought and have doubtless already destroyed a packet of letters written to you both by the domestic servant whom you, Mr. Bland Potterson, seduced. You imagined that you were destroying the originals. You were not. You were destroying copies which had been palmed off upon a cheap blackmailer. The originals have been kept for a different purpose. Here they are. Ten thousand pounds would not buy them, Mr. Bland Potterson. Your resignation from your candidacy of the Western Division of St. Pancras would and will."

Mrs. Bland Potterson collapsed in her chair. Her husband sat with his mouth open—incapable of speech.

"Who are you?" Mr. Bland Potterson demanded at last.

"I am a patriot," the visitor replied. "I live for the sake of my country, and I conceive it very much against my country's interests that you, sir, should become a member of the British Parliament. Mr. Hulings Johnson is an infinitely better man. All my friends wish Mr. Hulings Johnson to be elected. As there will be no time to secure a new candidate it seems to me that he probably will be. The time is very short. I should recommend, sir, that you take to your bed tonight, send for your doctor, announce your illness and communicate with your party organization."

The young gentleman who had introduced himself as the Honorable Gervase Mallincourt once more waved the letters in their faces and turned toward the door.

"If the announcement of your resignation, sir, appears in the newspapers tomorrow, upon my word as a gentleman the letters will be destroyed or returned to you—whichever you prefer. If it does not appear I shall be on the platform of your meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon. Do not trouble to ring. I can find my own way out."

"I CAME," Miss Mott said severely, "because I was curious."

"And you will remain," her companion replied, as they descended the stairs into the Grill Room, "because you are going to have a delightful dinner."

"What have you done to yourself?" she asked. "You look about twenty years older and, although you have been frightfully clever about it, I know that that is not your own hair, and those lines in your face are not natural."

"We criminals," he assured her, "get into the way of this sort of thing. You may yet see me as Father Christmas. How thankful I am," he went on, as they seated themselves in the bar and ordered cocktails, "that you are on the right side of the fence. You will never need to disguise yourself. On the whole I am glad that you did not wear black—although I'm afraid that that was obstinacy—that particular shade of gray goes with your eyes. You are very distracting, Miss Mott—"

"I did not come here to listen to you talking nonsense," she said severely.

"Of course not. I know that," he acknowledged. "Wait a minute. This has been a busy day. Let's drain these cocktails, then I will take you to the little corner table I have engaged. You shall read the menu of the dinner I have ordered and then, when I am quite sure that nothing would induce you to get up and leave me until after the dinner has been served, I shall tell you what you are dying to hear."

MISS MOTT read the menu and gave a little sigh of content. She had a weakness for exquisite food.

"Nothing," she assured him, "would induce me to leave until after the strawberries!"

"Then here is the truth," her companion confessed. "Such matters do not come within the sphere of our activities as a rule, but I have a young cousin, brilliantly clever, who is aching to get into Parliament. Mr. Bland Potterson's withdrawal at the last moment will make the seat a certainty for him. How we got to know about the letters doesn't matter. We should never have done anything about them in an ordinary way—not in our line at all—but in a good cause, against a Bland Potterson, everything is admissible. The letters you got back were copies. I have just shown the originals to Mr. Bland Potterson. I think that he would have given me more than five pounds for them but I told him that there was only one price. That he will pay. Tomorrow night you will see the announcement of his sudden illness and retirement!"

Miss Mott's lips parted in a faint smile. There was a twinkle in her eyes as she watched the Amontillado being reverently poured into her consommé.

"Perhaps," she murmured, "after all, five pounds were as much as my copies were worth!"

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★ AND WE BELIEVE THE FINEST

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A year ago we began to market it. But, frankly, there hasn't been enough of this new oil to go around. The demand has been embarrassing.

We knew we had a great oil in the *new* Havoline—better than the *old* Havoline, America's first and famous Waxfree oil. For over a year we had been refining it by the revolutionary Furfural Solvent Process—flushing out sludge-forming residues; making it *Tarfree* too!

So we knew motorists would want lots of it. And we started with *big* production—but the orders buried us! Well, *now* we're running our refinery wide open, night and day. We're catching up!

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"I never looked at it in that light before"

"I've often seen that little statue in the park," said Thomas Delaney. "On rainy days the umbrella keeps the children dry. On sunny days it casts a useful, pleasant shadow.

"That reminds me of an experience I had recently in finding protection for my sunny days as well as the rainy ones. I had never before thought of life insurance as giving two-way protection

"The experience I mean began when I read about the Equitable Case Method and got the advice of an Equitable agent on a plan to take care of my wife and children if anything should happen to me.

"The agent worked out an insurance plan to cover that need. 'Now,' he said, 'that's the rainy-day side of insurance. Perhaps you have never considered the other angle — how life insurance can make your own later years sunny and secure.'

"He then showed me how the reserve value of my policies could make my own life easy after the children are grown. Starting when I am sixty I will get a check from the Equitable every month as long as I live.

"And this two-way plan means only a moderate outlay each year."

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NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*

Good and Plenty

Continued from page 20

warned—as if that were not just what we wanted.

But she did surprise us a little with her first revelation that the favorite dish of the Secretary of Agriculture is baked potato.

"The secret of a good baked potato is that it be fluffy. We usually put lard on the outside to keep the skin from getting burned and bake them at least an hour. When they are finished, we take them out of the oven, cut them in the middle, add salt and pepper and butter and a little bit of Wisconsin cream cheese, which is yellow in color, then put them back in the oven for half an hour."

She glanced over her efficient little card index of recipes, the mark of a serious housewife.

"What about pumpkin pie?" she demanded cheerfully.

What could be more indigenous to the land of the Puritan settlers? But pumpkin pie isn't best made with pumpkin! Hubbard squash is really better, Mrs. Wallace assured us. Pumpkins, out west, are considered only "cow feed."

One cup of squash, then—canned, or cooked by hand—three quarters of a cup of brown sugar, one teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of cinnamon, another of nutmeg, half a teaspoon of ginger, two eggs, a tablespoon of molasses, a cup of milk and two tablespoons of melted butter, go into the filling. This is added to the pie shell, which is made the usual way. The pumpkin squash must be gently browned. Sweet potato can be used instead of squash, sometimes.

The next generation of Wallaces is going to be adept at American cookery. We know, because Jean, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the household, came in while we were visiting there and said, "It's all done."

"Jean's just made her first dessert," explained her mother.

It was Nut Date Pudding, a complicated recipe for a child, but she had made the grade. This is it:

One cup of dates, one cup of nuts, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of flour, mixed with one teaspoon of baking powder, two tablespoons of dry bread crumbs, a teaspoon of vanilla, two eggs, beaten separately and the whites added last; the whole baked forty minutes in a buttered pan, set in another pan of boiling water. It is served with whipped cream in which a bit of sugar and vanilla are invisibly but powerfully present.

Shortcake à la Wadsworth

Strawberry shortcake has become an all-year-round treat, now that refrigerated berries are so widely distributed.

Here's the Wadsworth recipe, as it has come down through three generations:

Mix two and a half cups of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, and work in half a cup of butter and enough milk to make the mixture doughy. Then crush your strawberries (a quart will do), liberally sprinkling them with sugar. Roll out the dough, put in a biscuit pan and bake fifteen minutes.

When finished, break the shortcake in half, add two teaspoons of melted butter, cover bottom half with berries, add top half and more berries, powder the whole with confectioners' sugar and serve with crushed strawberries and juice.

The other kind of strawberry shortcake, made of sponge layers and whipped cream, provokes as much argument among old-fashioned shortcake addicts as baked-beans-without-molasses in a molasses-and-beans household! But these culinary discussions among people who never before confessed nodding acquaintance with egg beater and flour sifter, are half the fun of the revival of the American cookery game.

"What have you that teaches them a lesson instead of snuffing out their lives?"

FRED NEHER

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The Watch on the Rhine

Continued from page 22

have been laid out in strategic locations throughout Germany, the very existence of which German officialdom seeks to keep secret.

One American, driving in his car a short time ago over the German countryside, saw a big squad of airplanes, which had been maneuvering overhead with military precision, suddenly swoop downward and disappear completely into a patch of woods. Made curious by this singular sight, he turned his car toward the woods. But, when he had reached their fringe, a policeman hurried toward him and abruptly commanded him to halt.

"*Verboten!*" barked the policeman.

So the American was forced to go away, his curiosity unsatisfied.

That happening is a typical one nowadays in Germany. Hermann Goering is well aware that foreigners know a lot about his doings, and he long ago gave up issuing indignant denials concerning them; nevertheless, he does not want foreign eyes prying too closely into his affairs.

A clear hint of what is going on in German military aviation was given at the recent senatorial investigation in this country into the armament business.

Tanks and Big Berthas

Files of American corporations examined by the investigators indicated that the peace treaties had been ignored by certain manufacturers of war materials, not only in the United States, but in Britain, France and other countries.

Particularly striking were the disclosures regarding business done with German firms during the last few years by concerns in this country, showing enormous increases in the shipments to German purchasers of airplanes and airplane engines.

In 1931, for example, sales of the United Aircraft Company to Germany totaled in value only $2,000. In 1932 they had risen to three times that figure. This first increase, however, was thrown completely into the shade by the 1933 record, which showed sales aggregating $272,000—*forty-five times* those of the preceding year. But that gigantic upward jump in its turn was swept into the discard when the figures were revealed for the first eight months of 1934. These showed sales to Germany worth $1,445,000—*more than five times* the figure for the whole of 1933!—and indicated, for the whole of 1934, sales aggregating a money value *eight times as great* as the previous sensational total!

The evidence brought out furthermore that the Pratt & Whitney Company, a subsidiary of United Aircraft, had signed an agreement with a German concern, the Bavarian Motor Works, granting the latter the right to make aircraft engines similar to those made by the American firm for the United States Army. Under this agreement, as originally drafted, the German company was to pay a royalty of $200 for each of these engines manufactured by it, and was to report the total number manufactured. Later, however, the agreement was amended, at the request of the Germans, in such a way that they obligated themselves to pay an annual lump sum of $50,000 to the American concern for the right to manufacture the aforesaid engines, instead of paying a royalty on each engine. This meant that they were no longer required to place on record the total number of the engines made at their plant.

Some observers of the highly explosive present-day situation in Europe, while admitting that Germany is rearming in various ways, are inclined to doubt that she has been able to supply herself to any large extent with heavy artillery and tanks. Not so very long ago an especially canny friend of mine, a resident of Berlin, remarked, when persistent rumors of German activities in this direction were brought to his attention:

"Nonsense! You can't make armored cars in an attic nor Big Berthas in a back yard!"

That was at a time when the Germans still had to preserve secrecy in their efforts to rearm, or else not rearm at all—there were altogether too many Allied Control Commissions and other conscientious objectors to German rearmament prowling about the Fatherland. So my friend was right. But how about today?

Reliable data regarding this phase of rearmament are most difficult to obtain. Nevertheless, such evidence as has been dug up makes it possible to answer the question, "Is Germany making big guns and tanks?" with a confident "Yes." She may not be making many, but she undoubtedly is making *some*.

Aside from information gathered from inside a number of her biggest factories—including the world-famous Krupp works at Essen—there are all sorts of significant straws from which anyone can deduce whether the German wind is blowing toward pacifism or militarism. For instance, until the advent of Hitler, foreigners who had proper credentials and were persistent enough could get permission to visit certain big German manufacturing plants. Now, however, such visits are strictly forbidden. For many months all foreigners, even those with the best of credentials, have been barred from Krupp's and from a number of other big plants which are under strong suspicion of having shifted their activities to the making of war materials.

Leon Archimbaud, reporter-general on the French military budget, an official generally supposed to have had access to the famous secret "dossier" on German rearmament accumulated during the last few years by the French government, recently electrified France's Chamber of Deputies, in a speech which was heard around the world, by stating that the Krupp factory was speeding up production of long-range artillery and other heavy ordnance.

Revealed in the Senate

During the last two years, since Hitler made himself supreme master of Germany, certain imports into his realm from foreign countries have been of a nature to arouse strong suspicions as to the sincerity of his professed affection for the Dove of Peace. Materials indispensable for armament have been acquired abroad by the Germans in steadily mounting quantities. Among these are scrap iron, nickel, copper, cellulose, aluminum and wood pulp. Particularly striking are the figures covering Germany's importation, during 1932, 1933 and 1934, of scrap iron, nickel and copper—all three extremely valuable in the waging of modern warfare.

Our recent senatorial investigation into the armament business also provided other evidence that Germany has been actively importing material of late which, without any violent stretch of

(Continued on page 32)

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If you're sick and tired of nursing your motor through ailment after ailment; if you're fed up with sky-high oil bills—get a RAMCO Overhaul. Back will come all the power and pep you were so proud of. Yet the cost is nothing—your savings in oil alone soon pay the bill!

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Motorists throughout America today enthusiastically endorse Ramco. Packard-driver R. J. M. of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I was advised to buy new pistons and rebore cylinders because of oil pumping. Instead, I had a Ramco Overhaul. After driving 2000 miles, the motor is quiet as new and hasn't pumped a drop of oil. A vast difference in performance and pep." Ford-driver R. M. of Brookville, Kan. writes: "After 40,000 miles I still drive my 1929 Ford 1000 miles without adding oil—thanks to Ramco. I have the same pep and power, more speed—less overheating and oil-loss than with an expensive rebore job."

Ramco Compensating Piston Rings are made for worn motors. Unlike ordinary rings, they have a revolutionary feature—the Ramco Inner Ring of "live" steel, which cushions the piston, centers the rocking action, and causes the piston-ring to fit the irregularly worn cylinders . . . thus sealing compression, ending oil-pumping, piston slaps and knocks. Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders make like new the original alloy pistons, thus saving new piston costs!

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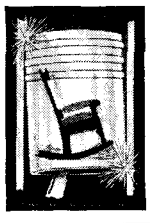

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DOCTORS say much nervousness is simply a form of hunger! Because most diets lack the vital nerve-nourishing element stored so richly in delicious Quaker Oats.

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(Continued from page 31)

the imagination, may conceivably have been destined for pushing forward her rearmament, in defiance of the Versailles Treaty.

The head of the Paris office of the DuPont powder concern of Delaware told the investigators that there had been a tremendous increase, during 1933 and 1934—the Hitler years—in the smuggling into Germany of arms and ammunition. He named several firms in Hamburg, the greatest of German seaports, as being actively concerned in this illicit trade. Letters from him were also placed on record stating that Swiss, Czechoslovak and Dutch firms were shipping war materials to the free port of Hamburg. He likewise described how arms, dispatched from America in ships bound for the Belgian port of Antwerp, had been transferred in the river Scheldt before arrival at Antwerp to river barges which had then landed them in Holland, whence they had been smuggled across Dutch territory, without police interference, to the frontier of Germany.

Potential War Strength

Whatever doubts there may be as to the military value of German rearmament up to date, in the matter of war planes, big cannon, and other such requisites for modern warfare, there can be absolutely none as to the military value of her man power. Monsieur Archimbaud, the French government official already quoted, recently informed the French Chamber of Deputies that, within a few months, Germany would be able to mobilize at short notice an army of 5,500,000 men composed of 600,000 regular soldiers and 4,900,000 reservists. He arrived at this total as follows:

REGULARS:	
Germany's standing army (Reichswehr)	400,000
Militarized police	100,000
Auxiliary troops	100,000
Total	600,000
RESERVES:	
Men recently released from service as regulars	300,000
Members of Hitler's Labor Corps	400,000
World-war veterans between 35 and 45 years of age	1,400,000
Semi-military Nazi formations	2,700,000
Motorized units	100,000
Total	4,900,000
Grand total	5,500,000

One estimate, advanced by observers who systematically discard empty rumors and base their conclusions solely on what they consider reliable information, is that, in the event of war, Germany could place in the field, immediately after mobilization orders had been issued, the entire expanded Reichswehr (say, 300,000 men), together with an equal number of militarized police and auxiliaries—making a total of 600,000 regulars, highly trained, completely armed, and provided with the full complement of machine guns, heavy guns, light artillery and tanks required by a modern army. Almost as promptly, she could mobilize another 1,000,000 men, composed of the pick of Hitler's private army ("S. S." and "S. A.": Blackshirts and Brownshirts), and youthful members of his recently organized Labor Corps, but could supply them with only about half the machine guns, artillery and tanks needed for an ultra-modern force of that size.

A few weeks later, she could array against her foes another million men, but they also would suffer from a serious shortage of heavy war material.

In other words, these experts think that Germany could put in the field, within a few weeks after a war started, an army of 2,500,000 men, its kernel consisting of 300,000 of the most admirably drilled and efficient soldiers in the world (the Reichswehr), and the remainder drawn from well-trained, young and sturdy elements of the German population, deficient only in up-to-date armament—a deficiency which, if the present rate of German rearmament continues, could soon be corrected.

Undoubtedly this force, despite what it might lack, could put up a fine defensive fight. On the offensive, however, in the view of most guessers about the next European war, it would fall far short of requirements. And that is something which leads many to guess that what Hitler and his military advisers have in mind, in their feverish rearmament of their country, is not offensive but defensive warfare.

According to this view, Hitler, Goering, the Reichswehr commanders, and the rest of the men who now rule Germany, desire above all else to restore to their country the full prestige of a great power as soon as possible. And the best way to do that, they think, is to make her militarily strong as soon as possible. They are not thinking of attacking any other nation. Within a few years—two or five or ten—Germany may be able to plan aggressive war. *But not now.*

That is one theory.

Another is that, relying for defensive operations on her regular army—expanded, in defiance of the Versailles Treaty, to three or four times its prescribed numbers—and on her large supply of efficient reserve troops, Germany is counting, for a sudden offensive, on her new air force and on new deadly chemicals and gases, which are to spread desolation and terror in enemy lands and shatter enemy plans of attack. There are tales—some based on plausible data—to the effect that Germany's chemists, admittedly extremely able in this direction, have already invented poisonous gases which could wipe out entire cities in a few minutes, and enormous bombs so devastating that they must be moved with infinite care and only by hand lest a sudden slight jar explode them and spread ruin not over hostile lands but in the heart of Germany herself.

Science or Strength?

Such tales, however, are scorned by those who insist that war, despite new inventions, remains in the present largely what it was in the past. The reactions of such persons—and they include real experts—when confronted with the theory of German reliance on a future offensive of airplanes and chemicals and gases, may be summarized thus:

"Wars will be decided tomorrow, as they were yesterday, by big guns, which blow enemy positions to pieces, and big waves of infantry, with fixed bayonets, which occupy those positions. The French, who are anything but fools when it comes to military matters, have prepared for the next war by building along their frontiers the most powerful system of steel and concrete fortifications ever seen anywhere. Against what kind of possible attack have they done this? Aerial? Poison gas? No, sir! Against heavy artillery, and against masses of infantry waiting to profit from bombardment by heavy artillery. Until air-bombing and chemical destruction and gas devastation can show a much deadlier war record than they have achieved so far, we are from Missouri!"

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Slippy Go Down

Continued from page 24

but this was the first time they had witnessed this frantic gyrating which resembled a dance by Nijinski.

"There weren't six skiers in the Boston district at that time," says Mr. Schniebs, "and now there are 35,000."

In his spare time Mr. Schniebs coached various clubs in the neighborhood. The task of making dollar watches look like Swiss charms and of spending the rest of the day showing descendants of the Mayflower how to keep from falling down a mountain at last began to wear on Mr. Schniebs and he was glad enough when Dartmouth asked him to take charge of its winter sports. As a competitive thing, skiing is a strenuous sport. The Dartmouth team begins conditioning in October, taking long hikes, practicing the use of the ski poles and steeling themselves against the evils of night life. By the time snow falls they are in such shape that they could ski up the side of Washington Monument without extra breathing. But even if it happens to be Mr. Schniebs' job at the moment, it isn't his complete idea of skiing.

"It'll only be good when everybody can do it," he says. "Back home the whole family goes out for a winter holiday. They may do downhill racing and even have a try at the jumps, but mostly they just fool around and get fun out of it. There is nothing better in the world than ending up at the close of day in a mountain cabin with a group of friends who have been skiing. You sing and eat and drink and life is perfect." Even without the skiing, it wouldn't be bad.

But getting up the hills—how about that? Since the ski is made of smooth wood calculated to get you over the snow easily, it should by the law of gravity bring you down on the back of your neck just as fast if you should attempt to go up a steep hill. And yet a good skier can go up the side of a house if the mood strikes him. It is, again, the triumph of science over nature.

It's All Very Confusing

You do it by waxing the ski or by wearing a sealskin covering on the ski. The secret is to get a wax which gives you the maximum velocity forward and acts as a brake when you begin to slide back. The sealskin has the same effect. It is smooth as glass when stroked one way and like a porcupine when stroked the other. You go forward as fast as you like; you can't go backward.

But it's when you get into waxing that the esoteric nature of skiing becomes apparent. Given the slightest opening, an expert skier will pin you in a corner and continue for hours to expatiate on the 142 varieties of ski wax. Not only are there differences in wax but there are differences in snows. It is all very confusing. When it snows one way, you use this wax; when it snows another way, you change the wax.

Because of the wooded character of the slopes on the eastern seaboard and the scarcity of skiing trails through them (that is, clearings where the trees have been removed), there is much more downhill racing than *langlaufing* (cross-country skiing). The boys like the thrill of going to the top of a hill and coming down again at a pace suggestive of the Broadway Limited going through Portage, Pennsylvania. In Europe, where they have the funiculars (cable railways), which carry skiers up the long slopes, they are fanatics, who do nothing all day but ride up the hill and ski down again. The strain on the legs is terrific on a downhill run and the stunt of coming down repeatedly is much like spending too much money on a roller coaster, but it is after all something in the way of escaping boredom.

In this country the task of getting up the hills has been solved only in the crudest fashion. There are no funiculars, but at Woodstock, Vermont, last year Robert Royce constructed a rope tow which worked on a drum, with the assistance of an ancient automobile motor, and dragged the ladies and gentlemen aloft. This is bad enough in sissifying a rugged sport, but they have not even stopped at that. Things have been carried to such a pass that even the summers are no longer safe from the skiers. At Newport, New Hampshire, they have inaugurated pine-needle skiing, which can be done as well on the Fourth of July as any other time. They have laid out a course which is covered with dry pine needles and on which the skis, when waxed with paraffin, travel at a right smart speed.

America Takes to the Snowdrifts

The American teams are preparing now for the Olympics which will be held in 1936 at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps. The white hope of the younger Americans is Richard Durrance, who learned his skiing in Europe and is now a freshman at Dartmouth. Durrance skis with impeccable style and is particularly adept at "tempo," which is an adaptation of the Arlberg method, returning something of the graceful old Norwegian form to the sport. The "tempo" adds to speed and beauty and Durrance has made amazing time in downhill racing. Both Durrance and Otto Schniebs, who are acquainted with European conditions, Durrance being junior champion of Germany, feel that America will make a good showing at the Olympics.

In the West the center of skiing is around Seattle, where the Snoqualmie Pass harbors five skiing clubs and affords space for thousands of week-end skiers. Recently the city of Seattle opened there the first municipal ski grounds in the country. There is fine skiing in the Rocky Mountain section around Denver. One of the pleasures of skiing in this region is to follow the Pony Express Trail over which Buffalo Bill used to carry the mail.

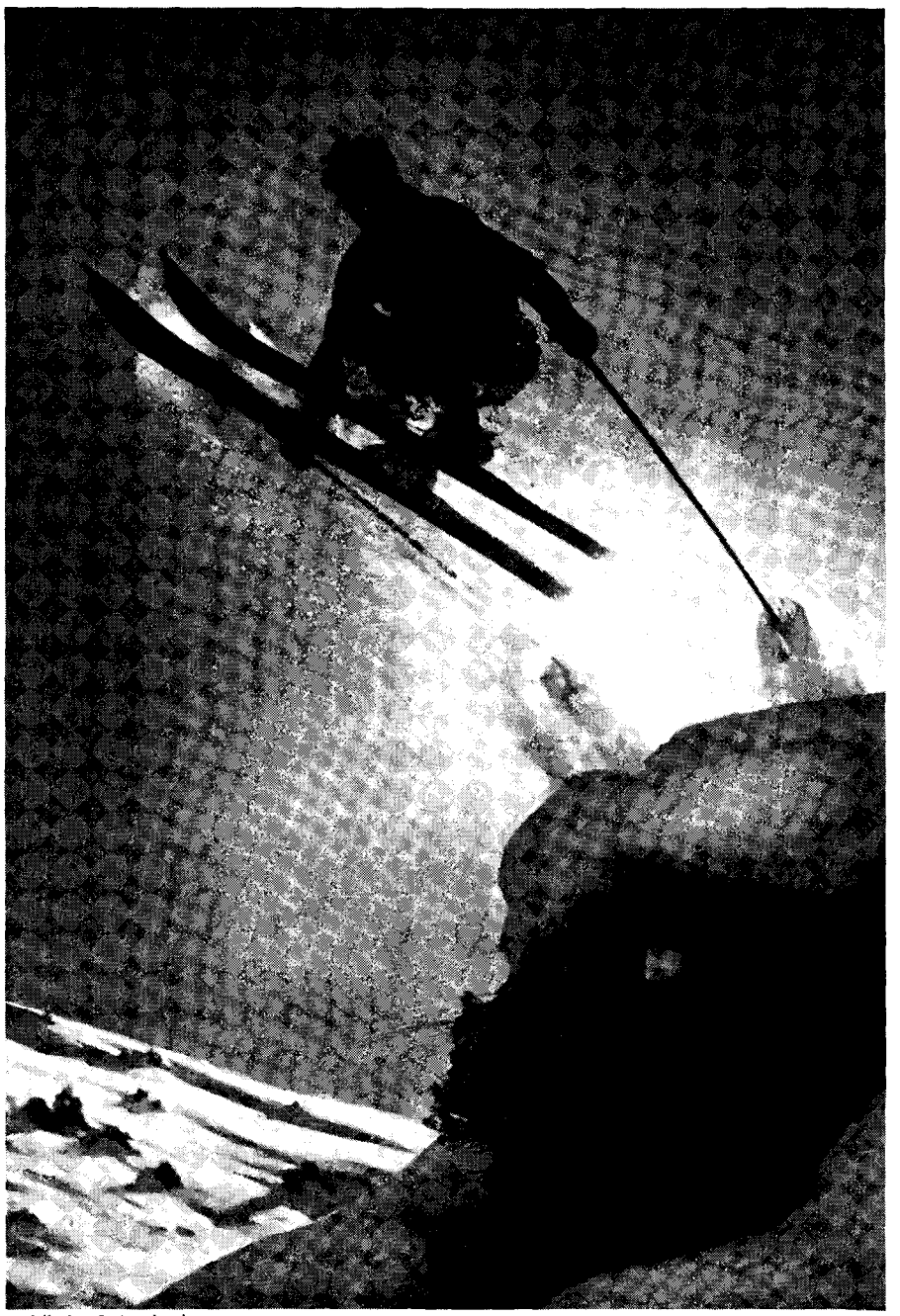
But it is the amateur who goes out on Saturday afternoon and Sunday who makes up the sport. It is growing in popularity at a great rate and if the news about pine-needle and straw (which is used in Michigan) gets around, a champion may pop up from some place like Oskaloosa, Iowa. As sports go, it is not the cheapest. A good pair of skis costs fifteen dollars; bindings, eight dollars; ski poles, five dollars; shoes, eighteen dollars. Skiing clothes can cost anything you like, with an acceptable costume possible for around twenty-five dollars. This doesn't count the 142 varieties of wax. It doesn't count the fun and the good health, either. Those who do it are crazy about it. That is, all except an occasional lady of the homestead.

"Skiing!" cried one such in Woodstock, Vermont, last winter. "All it means is I have the wet clothes to bother with and they ruin my electric iron waxing their skis."

She was evidently only being dramatic for effect, however, because when we were out on the hill next day, she was gayly bobbing along on her own skis, trying to make the christie without too great damage to the mountain.

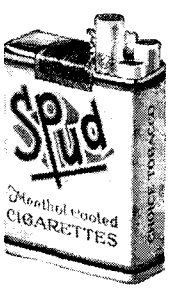
Like your fun in big measures?

It won't give you as expansive a feeling as sailing over a ski jump—but a change to Spuds does often remove one of the nagging little restraints of life. *It frees our daily enjoyment of smoking from the annoying restrictions of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking pleasure when it took the tar-laden *heat* out of smoke. So you can light up to your taste's content—your mouth will keep fresh as the snow.



Adelboden, Switzerland

CORK TIP or PLAIN



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Dry Camp Pierce was at his elbow again. "Here's the horses," he said. "It's time to ride"

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 17

"You sure?" Roper asked, looking up from the ground again.

"Am I sure? You think I'd risk my damn' throat coming here to tell you something like this, if I didn't know for sure?"

"No," Roper admitted, "I guess not."

"It's all over," Shoshone tried to tell him. "Can't you realize it, man?"

"No," Roper said.

STROLLING, easy-going, but somehow reluctant, Bill Roper walked the streets of Tascosa between the false-fronted wooden buildings that lined the hoof-stirred dust.

Sooner or later, he knew, Cleve Tanner would appear upon this one main street; but as the days dragged by and Tanner did not come, Roper could not have said whether he was anxious to get the meeting over with, or whether he would have put it off if he could. The word that Shoshone Wilce had brought to the Pot Hook was on everybody's tongue now. All Texas seemed to know that Ben Thorpe had refused to pull Cleve Tanner out of the hole—had sacrificed his own interests in Texas, to let Tanner take the full brunt of disaster. And everybody knew that Tanner was on the warpath, determined to seek out Bill Roper. It was said that Tanner's only remaining interest was to bring down the youngster who had cut Texas from under him.

Yet ten days passed before Cleve Tanner came.

It was eleven o'clock on a sunny Saturday morning when Dry Camp Pierce brought Bill the word.

"Well, kid, he's here. You were right again—you won't have to hunt him out. He's here and he's looking for you."

"Where is he now?" Roper asked.

"In some bar, a block up the street. He's walking from bar to bar, asking if you've been seen. You might's well wait for him here."

"No," Roper said. "I'll walk out and meet him, I think."

"Every man to his own way. First, better have a drink."

Bill Roper stood leaning on the bar, his fingers twirling the whisky glass the bartender set out. This moment was the one he had worked toward, constantly and insistently, ever since the killing of Dusty King. He had thrown everything he had into the breaking of Cleve Tanner, as a necessary preliminary to rubbing him out and canceling the first of the three who had put Dusty under the prairie. Five minutes more would finish forever the job he had worked on unflaggingly for more than a year.

Yet now that he faced it, Roper felt no sense of triumph or success. He knew he was going to go through with what was ahead, but he found now that he hated it, more than anything he had ever gone against. His only sense of anticipation was one of bitter distaste.

Dry Camp peered up into his face. "Kid, you look sick!"

"I don't feel real happy," Roper admitted.

"You shaky, kid?"

Roper held out his right hand, fingers extended. They showed no tremor.

"Steady as a rock," Dry Camp commented. "Don't worry. You'll come through."

"I know I will."

"Draw deliberate and slow," Pierce counseled. "Take your time—don't hurry, whatever you do. But don't waste any time, either. Fast and smooth—"

"I get you," Roper said with a flicker of a grin. "Take my time, but be quick about it. Move plenty slow, but fast as hell. All right, Dry Camp."

HE GAVE the butt of his gun a hitch to make sure it was loose in its leather; then he spun the whisky away from him, untasted, and walked out.

Dry Camp Pierce looked at the full glass and exchanged a worried glance with the bartender. Then he followed Bill.

"Walk in the middle of the street," he told Bill as he caught up. "There ain't so much chance of killing some fool that sticks his head out of a door to see the excitement."

"Okay." Roper stepped into the dust between the tied cow ponies and walked down the middle. "I'll be seeing you."

"Oh, I'll get out of the way. When it's time."

Dry Camp kept blinking his eyes in the bright light, as if they were dry; his lids looked tight, and there were white patches at the corners of his mouth. When he tried to spit he could not.

"Don't give him too much of a break, kid. He's awful bad. But you'll get him, all right," he added hastily.

Little groups of punchers that stood on the board sidewalks drew back close to the buildings or into doorways. The whole street seemed to become motionless and very quiet. A man ran out of a saloon, untied a beautiful three-quarters-bred mare, and led her into the saloon. She reared at the doorway, but he got her in. Dry Camp laughed. "Get in your toys, children! Going to rain lead!" His face looked feverish.

Half a block ahead another man stepped into the street and walked toward Bill. Before his face could be seen in the black shadow under his hat, Bill Roper knew by the set of the broad shoulders, by the rolling swing of his stride, that it was Cleve.

"Here he comes," Dry Camp said unnecessarily.

" 'By, Dry Camp."

"Good luck, kid." Dry Camp dropped away from Roper's elbow, and was instantly out of Bill's thoughts.

The moments during which the two men walked toward each other drew out interminably. Their eyes were upon each other's faces now; Bill could see that Cleve Tanner looked happy, almost gay, as if this was the first good thing that had happened to him for a long time. A little nearer, and it could be seen that there was a touch of craziness in his eyes, in his half grin.

At twenty paces Tanner suddenly spoke. "Draw, kid, if you've got the guts!"

"Draw yourself," Roper said.

At twelve paces Cleve Tanner drew; to observers the men seemed so close together that it was impossible that either of them should live. Tanner's gun spoke five times, fast, faster than

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most men could slip the hammer. Nobody knew where the first four shots went; but the fifth shot was easy to place, for it blew a hole in the street as Tanner's gun stubbed into the dust.

Bill Roper had fired twice.

Dry Camp Pierce was at his elbow again. "Here's the horses. It's time to ride. I knew you could take him, kid!"

Roper was feeling deathly sick.

IT WAS well into the summer as Bill Roper once more rode south out of Ogallala toward the pile of stones that marked the grave of Dusty King. Jody Gordon rode with him. At first she had refused to ride with him today; but at the last moment, as if on an impulse, she had changed her mind.

A hot summer wind was sweeping across the prairies, a dry and shriveling wind that parched the needle grass, cracked the lips of riders, and turned tempers short and irritable. It seemed to Roper that Jody Gordon looked sad and lifeless. She rode with her face set straight ahead.

Roper, studying her sidelong, thought that Jody seemed to have aged several years in one. Her eyes were unlighted and a little tired-looking; her mouth was expressionless except for a faint droop at the corners, which suggested —perhaps resignation, perhaps a hidden bitterness.

She didn't have much to say; but finally she asked him, "What did my father decide?"

"He says now that I'll never have another penny out of Dusty King's share until—until he's able to dictate to me what I'm going to do with it; or, that's what it amounts to."

"You mean, until you quit this ghastly wild bunch stuff?"

"That's it. But he goes further than that now. He says now that if I go any further, he's through with me forever. But I guess you knew that already, didn't you?"

"It's about what I expected," Jody said.

"About what you wanted him to do, too, I should think."

"I can't see that it mattered, either way. Whatever we—whatever he thought or did, you'd go on just the same. You're the hardest man I've ever known. Nothing could possibly change you; I can see that now. I think you don't care about anything or anybody in the world, except this one terrible purpose."

"It's true I have to go on."

"Did you quarrel with my father?"

"No. He said some kind of bitter things, but I didn't say anything. I asked for certain things—five camps in Montana, mainly. Of course that was a waste of breath."

"I suppose," Jody said, "you could force an accounting through the courts."

"I wouldn't do that; wouldn't feel I could."

"But you'll go on and throw yourself against Walk Lasham in Montana?"

"Yes; I have to go on."

"But how?"

"I don't know how, yet," he admitted.

"With your wild bunch broken up and scattered, and without any money, or any way to get any, you'll still try to break Walk Lasham?"

"I'll have to find ways."

They were silent after that; and presently they sat, almost stirrup to stirrup, but somehow infinitely far apart, looking down at the stacked boulders from which rose the wooden cross that Bill Roper had made nearly a year and a half ago.

After a few moments Bill Roper stepped down and replaced a boulder that had rolled to the ground. As he did so, something between the stones caught his eye; leaning closer, he saw that some little handfuls of Indian paintbrush had been put here, tucked down in the crevices so that they were secure from the hot clawing of the wind.

Bill said to Jody, "You put flowers here?"

"Sometimes."

He looked at her hard. He thought her lips were trembling; and for a moment he hoped that the barriers behind her eyes were about to dissolve, so that she would be a little closer to him again, if only for a little while. But she bit her lips, and her eyes, as she returned his gaze, were bleak, empty.

He turned away, grim with a sense of illimitable loss. But he had chosen his way and he had no thought of turning back.

For a little while he stood looking at the cross which he had made of railroad ties. He said, half aloud—"One down, Dusty. . . ."

"I suppose," Jody said, "you'll be cutting a notch on the handle of your gun, now."

"A notch? I hadn't thought anything about it."

All her bitter contempt of the lonely riding men of violence came into her voice. "Isn't that what the gunmen and the cow thieves always do?"

He was motionless a long time. Then he drew the skinning knife that always swung at the back of his belt in a worn sheath.

"I wouldn't go cutting marks on the handle of a gun," he said at last. His voice was thick. "Nobody cares what anybody does to the handle of a gun."

Roper stepped forward and with the keen blade cut a notch clean and deep in the left arm of Dusty's cross.

When he looked at Jody she was staring at him strangely, almost as if she were afraid.

ALL through the afternoon Jody Gordon had ridden the barren trails above Ogallala, on a pony that forever tried to turn home. Thaw was on the prairie again, and the South Platte was brimming with melted snow. But it was now more than six months since Jody had seen Bill Roper; and she found it no help that she was forever hearing his name.

Ogallala had grown. The loading chutes along the railroad had more than doubled in two years, and the town itself sprawled farther over the prairie. But the tall white house still stood alone, its foolish wooden towers commanding the long flat reach of the stock corrals.

Wherever Jody rode she could still see that tallest of the three lookout towers on her father's house—the tower in which she and Bill Roper had sat together through another spring twilight, on a day that now seemed long ago. Nothing could ever remedy the unspeakable emptiness of that house, to which Roper would probably never come again; so it was with reluctance that she at last rode up the rise upon which it stood, unlighted, in the dusk.

She unsaddled her own pony, booted it into the muddy corral, and threw the forty-pound saddle onto the pole with the easy, one-handed swing of the western rider. As she turned toward the house she was trying not to cry.

Then, as she walked through the stable, a figure rose up from the shadows beside the door and barred her way.

Jody Gordon's breath caught in her throat. She said, evenly, "Looking for someone, Bud?"

The spare-framed visitor took off his hat and held it uneasily in his two hands. "Well, I tell you, Miss Gordon —could I speak to you for just a minute?"

"All right. Come up to the house."

(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 35)

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Gordon—I'd just as leave not be seen around too much, if I can dodge out of it. There's a couple of little misunderstandings has come up between me and your father a couple of times; and anyway—well, I'll tell you the fact of the matter. I'm a Bill Roper man."

Jody Gordon's heart jumped like a struck pony. "Billy sent you to me?"

"Well, no; I haven't seen Bill Roper for quite some time."

"Oh."

"I'm Shoshone Wilce," the man said. "I rode with Bill Roper in Texas."

There was a little pause, then, in the shadowy dusk of the stable.

Jody said suddenly, "Are you trying to tell me that Billy—that something has happened to Bill Roper?"

"This thing is about your father," Shoshone said.

"If Billy Roper wants anything from my father—"

"I haven't seen Bill Roper. But—I've seen Ben Thorpe. Miss Gordon, tell me one thing: Is your father backing Bill Roper? I mean, is he backing this plowing into Ben Thorpe?"

"My father," Jody Gordon said, "has quit Bill Roper in every way he possibly could. Not one penny of my father's, nor any help of any kind, is back of Bill Roper."

"That's what I thought," Shoshone Wilce said. "Only trouble is, people that don't know the difference, they don't none of them believe that any more."

"You mean, they think—"

"I get around," Shoshone Wilce remarked. "I drink with a lot of different people and they talk. I've drunk with Ben Thorpe himself, in Dodge. I've drunk with—"

Jody Gordon interrupted him sharply. "What's happened?"

"Miss Gordon, your father is in a terrible bad fix. I'm afeard—I'm afeard he's going to die before this thing is through."

"What do you mean?"

"Most people think Lew Gordon is backing Bill Roper—maybe you know that? Well, now there's a feller rode to Ben Thorpe from Miles City—a feller that was a foreman with Thorpe's Montana outfits under Walk Lasham. Maybe this feller had some kind of fight with Lasham—I don't know nothing about that. But this feller swears to Thorpe that Lasham is letting the Montana herds drain away to the Indians, and to the construction camps, and Ben Thorpe never seeing a penny of the money from beef or hide."

"How do you know this?"

"I was there when this feller come to Ben Thorpe. I stood as close to them as I stand to you, when this feller tells Thorpe that Walk Lasham is double-crossing him, and that everything he has in Montana is being gutted out. Thorpe rares up fit to overset the bar. 'You lie!' he says; and this boy says, 'Go count your herds!' And he laughs in Thorpe's face!"

"But is that true?" Jody demanded.

"Which?"

"Is Bill Roper gutting the Thorpe outfits in Montana?"

"Don't know, myself. But they say he's raising blue hell. Some say nobody knows how hard Lasham is hurt, Lasham least of any; and some say Lasham has sold out to Bill Roper, or your father—or both."

"WHAT does Thorpe himself think?"

"Thorpe thinks your father has bought Walk Lasham. Just the same as he thought your father bought Cleve Tanner in Texas, until Roper gunned Cleve down. And Thorpe is fit to be tied. If he loses out in Montana, on top of losing out in Texas, God knows where he'll turn. A man like him—he's terrible dangerous always, Miss Gordon; but now he's ten times more dangerous than he ever was in his life."

"You mean you think Ben Thorpe will—will—"

"Miss Gordon, I *know*. Ben Thorpe is going to kill Lew Gordon just as sure as—"

"He wouldn't dare! My father is—is—"

"He'd dare anything. The Texas Rustlers' War put such a sting on his hide as no man can stand—him last of all! Nobody ever had such a hate as Thorpe has for Roper—he'd kill anybody to get at him. He'd grab you, even, and use you for bait!"

Jody Gordon's eyes had darkened in

"No use waitin' fer the down train, Eph—radio says showers t'night"

GEORGE MABIE

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the dusk, making her face seem very pale. When she spoke, her voice could hardly be heard: "When is this thing supposed to happen?"

"I don't know. I don't even know where Ben Thorpe is. It might happen tonight, or tomorrow, or next week. But, child, it's going to be soon!"

There was a silence, while the eternal bawling of the cattle in the loading pens came to them across the flats.

"What do you want me to do?"

Shoshone Wilce shrugged. "That ain't hardly up to me, Miss Gordon. But I'll tell you this: If I was in your place, I wouldn't never let your father out of the house without his gun belt is strapped on, and the iron free in its leather. And wherever he goes, there ought to be three or four good hard-shooting cowboys with him; because, if I know Ben Thorpe, *he* isn't going into any gun fight alone!"

"It isn't so easy to boss my father," Jody said. "Even when he's here in Ogallala, which he's not, I often can't change what he does in any way."

Shoshone Wilce moved restlessly in the thickening dark. "Well, I figured I'd better—"

Jody peered at him intently. "What made you bring this word to me?"

"I'm a Bill Roper man," Shoshone Wilce said. "God knows, Miss Gordon, stringing with Bill Roper has never done anything for me. But—well, I just thought Bill Roper would want you to know. I kind of got the idea he thinks a heap of you, Miss Gordon."

Jody Gordon's gloved hands reached out to touch this stranger. She said intensely, "You think he does?"

"Why—didn't aim to speak out of turn. Didn't realize there was ever any doubt."

Jody dropped her hands. "Plenty," she said in a dead voice.

"I got to be getting along," Shoshone Wilce said. "I don't know if you unstand; but I wouldn't want Lew Gordon to hear anything that—"

"I understand," Jody said.

She turned away, but instantly turned back again and gripped Shoshone's arm just as he was sliding out of sight.

"Stay around," she ordered him. "Stay here until—"

"Miss Gordon," came the quick whisper, "I've got to get on to Miles City—"

"I—thought so. Bill Roper's somewhere up there, isn't he? Yes. Well, I'm going to join my father there—I'll ride with you in the morning."

"Four hundred miles! And no coach until—"

"Don't worry about that. It takes saddle ponies to make time."

"But—I'm afraid your paw might think—"

"I don't know how Bill Roper ever used you," Jody said with contempt.

Shoshone winced. "I—I'll be around."

He faded into the shadows as Jody walked out of the stable, her eyes hard and bright in the dusk.

BILL ROPER sat alone at a rear table in the Palace Bar, in Miles City. A swamper was going about the great square room, lighting the swinging oil lamps, and the foot rail along the bar was beginning to fill. Roper pulled his slouch hat over one eye and watched the goings and comings of the rope-and-saddle men. The Palace Bar had faro, roulette and girls; Roper could rest assured that every cowboy in Miles City would at least look in here in the course of the evening.

For three months Roper had ridden through the bitter Montana winter. His new northern wild bunch faced conditions in many ways cruelly adverse. Here in the north were no ousted cattlemen, no established population to which he could look for help. The Canadian border was far away, and no market awaited the hard-pushed herds on the other side.

What Montana had that Texas did not have was a concentration of Indian tribes, principally Sioux and Cheyenne, deprived of their hunting grounds, and dependent for food upon beef which the government was pledged to supply. It was to this circumstance that Roper had turned.

The giant beef contracts which the government threw upon the market had inevitably attracted more than one kind of graft. Indian agents sent from the east, without experience in either Indians or cattle, made easy dupes for unscrupulous cattlemen of Walk Lasham's stamp. Others less readily cheated, but willing to retire rich, had coöperated with Lasham in sidetracking beef which the government paid for but which no Indian ever saw. The result was famine—pitiful, relentless. Starvation stalked through the lodges of the Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Crow—and with it, Roper's opportunity.

SCOURING the country, Roper turned up four Indian agents who were already badly scared. They had overplayed their hands and were now faced with a loss of life among their charges about which they could do nothing without revealing their own corrupt inefficiency. These men had connived with Lasham in bringing about a condition of tribal starvation; they were willing to connive with Bill Roper to cover up their position in any way they could.

By delivering beef to the reservations under these highly irregular conditions, Roper's wild bunch could little more than make expenses. But the advantage was this—a beef herd delivered to an Indian tribe disappeared overnight.

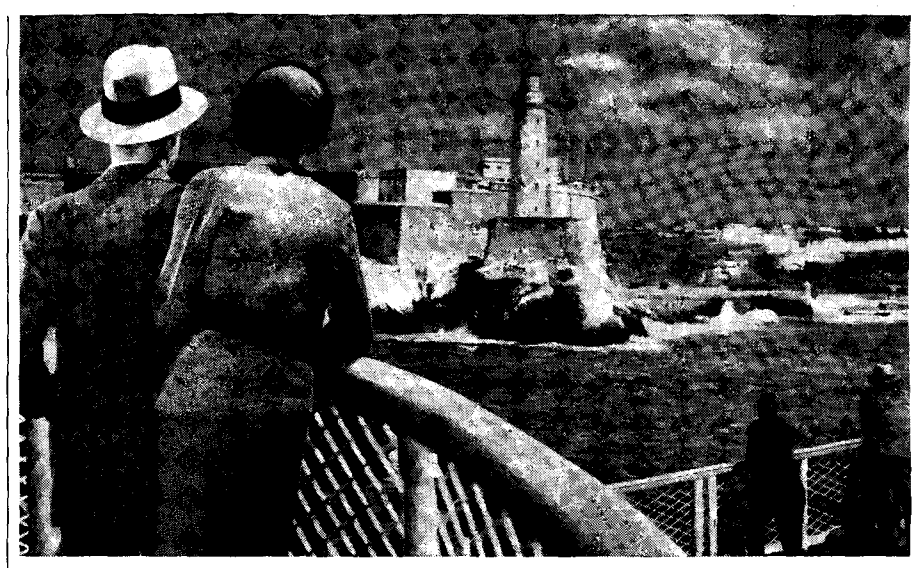
Constantly changing horses, perpetually in the saddle, Roper's saddle hawks swung across Montana. They first struck at Muddy Bend, picking up four hundred head of steers in the brakes of the Yellowstone. Three days' hard driving delivered these to a village of Assiniboins. Only four days later they were on the flats of the Little Thunder, far away. Here, struggling through a soft, blinding snow, they ran off five hundred head, and a few days later three hundred more. They Christmased in company with a herd of lifted steers somewhere between Three Sleep and the Little Powder; and New Year's found them sifting the pick of Lasham's cattle out of his Lost Soldier range.

By the end of January they had moved three thousand head—the very cream of the wintering stock. Repeatedly they had driven cattle incredible distances in impossible time; they had gathered fat steers under the very noses of Lasham's winter riders, and their raids had covered an area of country which reasonable men would not even have attempted to travel. Roper, looking back over the winter as he now sat in the Palace Bar, knew he had done the best he could.

Yet he knew his work had only begun. All their hard riding would fail of effect unless he could strike such a smashing blow as would cause a split between Lasham and Ben Thorpe.

In a vast country that seemed to crawl with Lasham's herds, serious inroads seemed impossible; but now, for once, the times had fitted themselves to Roper's purpose. The beef market was unsteadying at the very time it should have strengthened, and the Rocky Mountain silver booms were draining away the capital upon which the cowmen had relied. Rumors of disaster were running all over the West; no man could tell now what the spring would bring. Any appreciable damage to Walk Lasham might turn the tide

(Continued on page 38)



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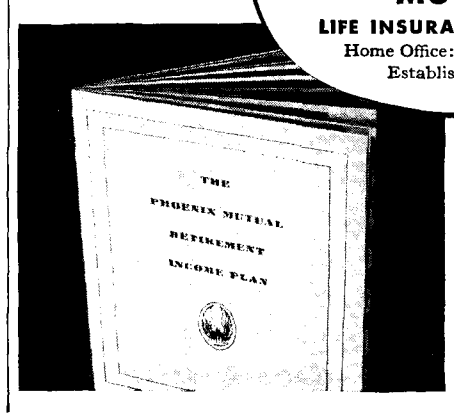

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(Continued from page 37)

against him, leading to his smash-up with the melt-off of the snows.

And Roper had a plan—rash in scope and method, but savage in effect if it could be fulfilled. Already he had enough riders in sight to strike this last desperate blow. But the men available to his purpose were wild-eyed fighting kids who could not be driven and could scarcely be led; Roper could not captain his campaign alone. So now he fretted in Miles City, seeking the three or four outlaw leaders who would make his preparations complete.

He could not stay here long. The heavy rewards Thorpe had upon his head were less dangerous to him than the inevitable appearance of Lasham himself, who was sure to be well supported by good gun-fighting riders, too many for any one man to face.

STILL studying everyone who came into the bar, Roper broke open a deck of cards and laid out a hand of solitaire.

Now one of the dance-hall girls came to his table, slipping uninvited into a chair. This was a girl whose attention bothered and embarrassed Roper every time he came here. She no longer hung upon him as she had at first, but it seemed that when Roper was in the room she could think of nothing else. Her name was Marquita.

She spoke to him now in a quiet, lifeless voice: "Why don't you like me?"

He swung his head to look at her, as expressionless as a horse. "I like you all right," he said.

"No, you don't. You don't even see me at all."

He noticed now that she looked different tonight; and after a moment he recognized that this was because there was no rouge on her face. That would be because he disliked rouge—though he had no idea how she had found that out.

She leaned toward him now and spoke rapidly, her voice low and compelling. "Listen—I hate Walk Lasham, too."

One of Bill Roper's eyebrows flickered. His first thought was that Lasham himself had hired this girl to spy upon him.

"Why?"

"Because you do," Marquita said.

"You know who I am, then," he suggested.

"Yes; I found that out." Her face was childlike and tired, but behind its resignation a certain intensity burned.

Roper dropped his eyes to his game, but Marquita's slim hand shot out to grip one of his.

"Listen," she insisted. "You have to listen to me. Walk Lasham's in town. He came in this afternoon."

So, Roper thought, the time had come to move on again, with his work undone. He didn't like it much. "Well, thanks," he said; "I'm glad to know."

"He knows you're here—and what you're here for."

"I suppose he does," Roper said.

"You're waiting here for Lasham," she accused him. "You know he'll come here. You're going to try shooting it out—"

Roper shrugged and was silent.

"Bill, it's hopeless! Walk Lasham is the fastest gun fighter in the north!"

Roper shrugged again. "Walk wants no fight with me."

"You're going to force the fight yourself! That's what you've been waiting here for, ever since you came to Miles City. Any moment Lasham may walk in that door—"

"Well?"

"You think I want to see you killed?"

He turned to his cards impatiently. "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

"Can't anything ever turn you at all?"

"No."

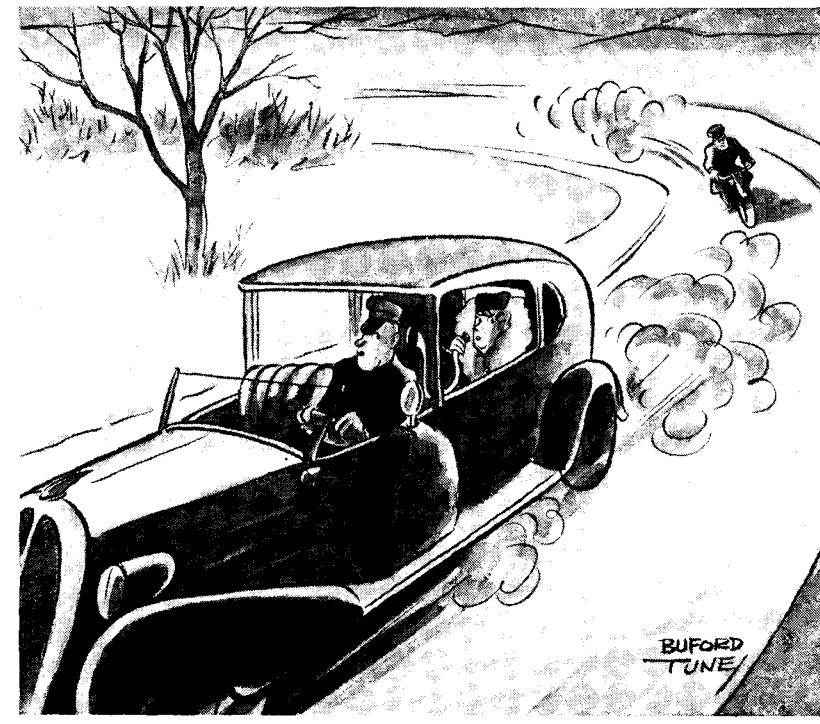
MARQUITA sat staring at him hopelessly, in her eyes a fixity of devotion which his taciturnity seemed to increase. Against his will he was becoming something that was happening to Marquita. There was enough untouched fire in that girl to burn a long time; perhaps it was already too late to end their curiously one-sided relationship here, or prevent its cropping up at other times, other places, with results that could not be foreseen.

He remained silent; and, in a little while, she went away.

An hour passed, while Roper, drinking slowly, played his solitaire and watched the door.

Then suddenly Marquita was back. She came behind his chair to speak close to his ear in a panicky whisper: "He's coming! He's coming along the walk—*to get you!*"

(To be continued next week)



"James, hand me those carpet tacks in the side pocket of the front seat!"

BUFORD TUNE

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The Wreck of the Air Mail

Continued from page 11

the "graveyard of the air-mail flyers."

Brown encouraged them, bullied them, forced them to get passenger equipment; make passenger schedules. He did likewise with all the operators. He had more foresight than the lot of them. He kicked aviation ahead. His ruling passion made him impatient with orderly governmental procedures.

What Can You Do?

The post-office conferences in the spring of 1930—when Brown showed carriers the air-mail map and told them to end their squabblings and come to agreements with regard to route sovereignties—was the keystone of the charges against the air mail. The operators have never ceased to protest the innocence of their participation. "What would you have done," they ask, "if the supreme federal authority, so far as your business was concerned, ordered—not invited, ordered!—you to attend a meeting in his office?"

The operators point out that virtually every contract which they held had been gained after due advertising and competitive bidding, as required by law. United's case is an example; of 7,000 route miles held by this operator at the time of annulment, all had been gained as a result of competitive bidding in which United was lowest responsible bidder, except for 371 miles of extensions. These original air-mail contracts were let under H. R. Bill Number 7,064, the so-called Kelly Act. Under H. R. 8,337, of May 17, 1928, the Postmaster-General was authorized to negotiate with any contractor who had satisfactorily operated for a period of at least two years, for surrender of his contract, in exchange for which he would get a route certificate that would give him right of air-mail carriage over the route set out in his original contract so long as he was a good boy.

The Watres Act, of April 29, 1930, gave the Postmaster-General the right to make extensions and consolidations of established routes when in his judgment the public interest would be served. Brown called his famous meeting under authority of this law; and it was probably his too liberal interpretation of the powers it conferred upon him, and a too complacent reading by some of the operators of the privileges it gave them, which opened the way for later criticism and attack. It is undeniable that bumptiousness ruled that conference room. Would-be operators not within the sunshine of official smiles were iced out; certain newspaper-men, too, remember the lukewarmness of their welcome and the lack of coöperation that met attempts to learn what it was all about. One school of thought in aviation, whose fellows see hobgoblins sitting atop every look-out-for-the-locomotive sign and lie awake nights in fear of being eaten all up by the railroad ogre, scent a drive by the rails to gain control of the airways. They have an elaborate theory which suggests that railroads, having seen busses slice off better than thirty per cent at the foot of their passenger trade, are determined not to let airplanes skim the creamy, or higher, end; and which points out how the Black-McKellar bill delivered commercial aviation into the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is railroad-minded. But I should look, rather, to the snubbing of the newspaper-men by ringleaders of the conference in Postmaster-General Brown's office. For it was a newspaper-man who, presently, told Senator Hugo L. Black about the meetings; and, likely, planted in the Alabaman's mind the supposition that here was another Teapot Dome. In politics there is nothing more useful to an "in" faction than a Teapot Dome with regard to an "out" crowd. Moreover, Senator Black would not be human if he had not recalled the ivy crowns and the patents of nobility which fell to his late colleague, Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana, because of his work for the Senate committee that let the steam and hot water out of the notorious Teapot.

The weakness of the proceedings which Senator Black prosecuted is that they never came down out of the headlines into solid text; where, to be sure, there was much useful work to be done or indicated. A fixed and intellectually honest purpose of constructiveness would have recognized opportunity; yet most attention was directed to factors that discredited the previous Administration. The whole future of their country in the skies offered the Black committee immortality, but its leaders chose to look back and sneer.

The most unfortunate, most flagrant, blunder of the Black inquisition, however, was its failure to differentiate between the bankers and stock promoters of aviation, and the practical flying men and workaday executives among the operators.

Damn One, Damn All

Men who had known lean, dangerous years in their love of aviation, and with its growth had won their right to comfortable salaries, found themselves branded as "Treasury looters"; found that politics made no distinction between them and the stock profiteers and pyramiders. Aviation could not be singled out fairly with respect to its money jobbers. True, it was infested with men whose interest was not so much in building its future as in plundering its present, but so were other forms of American enterprise. Moreover, the amounts involved in aviation speculations were petty change alongside those in many other industries. Mail contracts did not give aviation companies all their speculative values. Paper millions were made in firms that never had, never sought, mail contracts. Some large salaries were paid within mail-subsidized companies; but so, too, were large sums expended by those companies in practical research that has been of inestimable worth to the government. Only one air-mail contractor ever paid a dividend. Punishment, under the Black-McKellar bill, fell principally upon operators and their employees whose profits, if any, were relatively modest. Nothing more happened to those who strolled off with the big aviation money than to men who speculated in grass skirts.

"The popular opinion," says Thomas B. Doe, vice president of the Sperry Corporation and former president of Eastern Air Lines, in his statement to the Howell commission, "that the so-called Wall Street crowd is being hurt is not correct. They have been out for some time. It is the thousands of small stockholders who are losing their savings invested in these companies at a time when it was a declared policy of the government to aid them in this development. I believe the average investment in this group of companies is less than $500."

There are irreconcilables in aviation

(Continued on page 40)

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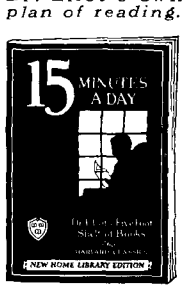

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SHE "What a grand meal, Bob; you certainly know how to pick places."
HE "Righto! They have the best food here of any place in town."
SHE "The only trouble is my tummy is so full I'm afraid I'll have acid indigestion."
HE "Not on your life, Sally. I always keep a roll of TUMS in my pocket. They prevent, as well as quickly relieve, heartburn."

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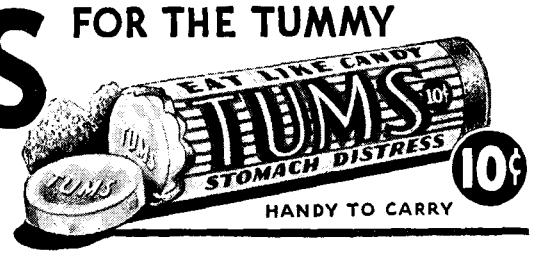
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 39)

who no doubt will put moths in my parachute because I say this, but I believe the annulment of the air-mail contracts will turn out to be the most stimulating thing that has befallen general commercial aeronautics since Lindbergh's flight to Paris. If they had remained hidden, the abuses lately aired might have become cancerous; by their sudden excision now, aviation is saved a lingering series of piecemeal operations. There are other advantages, too. For example, while it is true that air-mail pilots comprise what is probably the most self-disciplined body of young professional men in the world, it is no less true that self-criticism and devotion to the middle road were never conspicuous virtues of their employers. Fostered by years of privilege under Hoover's Brown, a feeling that it was sacrosanct grew up in aviation. Annulment represents to the industry the crash that it believed it never would have.

Teach Him a Lesson

And, in the way that a pilot is always a better pilot (granted he is still with us) after his first accident, this chastened industry probably will be a better industry henceforth. There are concrete gains, too. The bankers and the let's-capitalize-for-ten-million boys who were not legitimately interested in aviation have deserted it now. The double-jointed lobbyists have been sloughed off. Attention of lay citizens has been focussed on technical accomplishments, until it is apparent that a new and decent federal policy will fetch in thousands upon thousands of American investors persuaded of a boundless future. The shoestring operators have had their chance, sought for years, of flying the air mail. Most of them have flubbed it. Agitation from them as a group, therefore, is automatically stilled; and that is an improvement of the whole picture. National defense is better off for the unmasking of Air Corps inefficiency. The present experience is proving that competitive bidding for air-mail routes is not conducive to masterful service; and you will probably see the Howell commission recommend that all future air-mail contracts be *negotiated*. Cancellation, therefore, has been in many respects like the dry-docking of a fine ship; when those petty evils which are the equivalents of barnacles and rust have been scraped from her underbody, aviation will move faster toward her appointed destiny—provided no loose plates are jerry-tacked by politics.

The Federal Aviation Commission has been sailing on the opposite tack from the Black committee. The headlines will come after it has finished its work. Howell and his associates have not shouted at witnesses, nor given them to feel they deserved firing squads. The commission bears the air of a clinic, rather than that of an autopsy. Quiet doctors, talking matters over frankly with an important and intelligent patient. This patient, it may be said, frightened by former doctors—the Black investigation was but one of more than a dozen that have plagued commercial aviation since 1926—and out of each it has come a little sicker—has displayed childlike faith in the Howell commission. The air commerce industry hoped that here, at last, was the investigation to end investigations of aviation; prayed that the commission would have the courage to go all the way toward a program that would be fool proof, permanent and insulated from corruption. Up to early December, when the commission ended its hearings and took up pencils and paper and nail-biting, there was enthusiastic belief in it. Lately, misgivings have crept up. There is talk of a fight behind the scenes, by Postmaster-General Farley and other party apostles, to make sure the commission's recommendations will not remove aviation from handshaking range, and will not reflect on this Administration's previous handling of the air mail. There is talk, also, that certain members of the commission have been influenced in their work by a desire to translate their membership thereon into permanent jobs. There are certain factors, however, that would keep such developments—even if true—from becoming important. For example, the known air-mindedness of President Roosevelt. Aviation had not forgotten his spectacular flight to the convention in Chicago. He was the first man to fly in the capacity of President-elect. He is essentially a man of imagination, a builder of tomorrow; which rather automatically endears to him the potentialities of air commerce. I doubt there is to be found within the aviation industry a single leader who believes that the course of this Administration's dealing with aeronautical matters has given satisfaction to the President. On the other hand is certitude that he will be consistent in the faith and good will he expressed when he summoned Clark Howell from Atlanta; that he will reinforce the integrity and scope of the commission's report.

Most important by far is the interest of Congress, in which lies the ultimate responsibility for shaping our new federal civil aviation policy and rendering it into progressive laws. The new Congress brings to Washington the opinions of the entire country with regard to our melancholy skyways. Once aviation was a remote subject to Congress, and blind reliance was placed on the words of experts.

Air-minded Legislators

That is no longer so on Capitol Hill, which, indeed, many legislators reach from their distant homes by commercial air lines. They and their families and their home lives have benefited from this modern transportation which has brought Oregon and Florida, New Mexico and Minnesota figuratively to the outskirts of Washington. In 1926, when the original air-mail bill was enacted, perhaps not seven congressmen in a hundred had ever flown. It is turn-about with this new crowd; well-informed, responsible, modern. Congress will be alert for possible evasions or omissions or stanzas of only lukewarm constructiveness in the Howell commission report; because Congress knows that you are sponsoring tomorrow, that you are accountable to posterity, when you undertake to write legislative prescriptions for a means of travel that enables you to complete nowadays in a dozen hours the journey from California to the Atlantic seaboard, which but a generation ago took almost that many days.

The merits of the controversy between Farley and the air-mail operators no longer matter. Nor does the reactionaryism of the Black-McKellar Act. Of the latter the kindest thing one may say is that it was not an adult legislative performance. Any sound new program must automatically consign it to oblivion. Meantime, neither politicians nor air-mail operators have the right longer to be unmindful of the innocent bystanders at this brawl; the business men of the United States, of even just plain ordinary folks like you and me who sometimes put three extra cents postage on letters announcing to distant relatives that now we have an extra mouth to feed or think the train might be too slow when we should like to reach Joplin in time to hear Uncle Herbert's will read.

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Obstructionists on both sides should realize that the kiss-and-make-up days have come, when recriminations and gallery talk must stop while a sober and humble look is taken, above the wreckage, at basic needs of the immediate future.

Some vital points of the prospective national commercial aviation program are obvious. Intelligent disposition of these may be apprehended with confidence. Other features, just as necessary, are not so obvious; they must be written in—if not by the commission, then by Congress—unless we are content to face aeronautical scandals and confusion recurrently.

The first essential is the swift restoration of the United States to undisputed world leadership in civil flying. The eagle must be released for ascensions to greater glories in higher skies.

Defend Both Sides

There must be recognition by the government and by the commercial aeronautical industry of their respective obligations; and the new law must erect defenses against profiteering as well as against politics. Modern business practice in America takes for granted the use of modern air facilities; the growth of this relationship in the future scarcely can now be foretold, but it must be anticipated.

Then, Congress must:

1. *Take the air mail out of politics.*

This ideal will be most difficult to convert into the laws of a new federal civil aviation policy, but it would provide the plan's stoutest and most useful plank.

There is no valid reason why any Postmaster-General of the United States should have greater control over air mail than he has over railway mail or ocean mail; nor why the heads of any other government department or bureau should have greater leeway in dealings with aeronautical matters than they have in relations with other forms of public service and transportation. Yet, since 1926, aviation has been the stepchild of Washington. One air-mail carrier told me: "Our dealings with the Postmasters-General have never been on a businesslike, sensible, forthright basis. It has always been a matter of push and pull, give and take, roll the dice, boys. You give us this, we'll give you that. Your contract doesn't allow it, but if you'll put on an extra schedule here to take care of the boys, we'll let you run over there."

A science that lays its technical plans in terms of the hemispheres, that does its economic thinking in terms of the whole earth, should not be at the mercy of men who ofttimes think in terms of ward politics.

Experts have long contended that the air-mail map of the United States is political rather than economical. Some lines are unwarranted strays rather than sturdy integral parts of the web, and will never reach self-support. For example, the one in New England let by Farley. In August, 1934, this line carried only .07 per cent of the total domestic poundage, but received 1.14 per cent of the total "subsidy" for that month. The one let under Brown from Denver to Kansas City was another illustration of political rather than economic air-mail map planning. Better all-round service for Denver was provided by the feeder line to Cheyenne, with connections there to a swift transcontinental trunk line.

Furthermore, politicians are usually under the fancied compulsion of having to frame their utterances with more regard for effect than for accuracy. There have been several examples since annulment in statements of Postmaster-General Farley and his assistants. Last summer he tossed its hard-time complaints back upon the aviation industry by declaring that airplane factories were humming, air-mail schedules had speeded up, and records were being set by brilliant new ships. You and I were left to infer this was a boom, due to annulment. The facts are, of course, these performances came of the headway that was gained before cancellation. Airplane factories were building ships ordered long before annulment, and forcing the reluctant air-mail operators to abide by commitments. It takes from eighteen months to three years for a transport plane to grow from drafting table to maiden flight. The Douglas, miracle worker of the skyways in 1934, was begun in 1930. Since cancellation, engineers have been let go from many staffs; United dropped work on the new Boeing, with which it planned to meet the challenge of Douglas; other builders also sat back to wait; and a whole year was lopped from the progress of air speed.

2. *Deliver aviation from the Interstate Commerce Commission.*

The Black-McKellar Act brought the I. C. C. into the aviation picture; the death of the bill should automatically carry it out again. And the brief history of the I. C. C. in aeronautics thus will resemble the story of the marching French general and the hill. Nevertheless, special attention to this point is justified. The I. C. C. is not geared to the tempo of flight. Transport airplanes grow obsolete in little more than two years. The I. C. C. is composed of men coated with railroading traditions. To deliver aviation into their hands would be as humane as to give up Doctor Stalin to a council of ex-czarist generals.

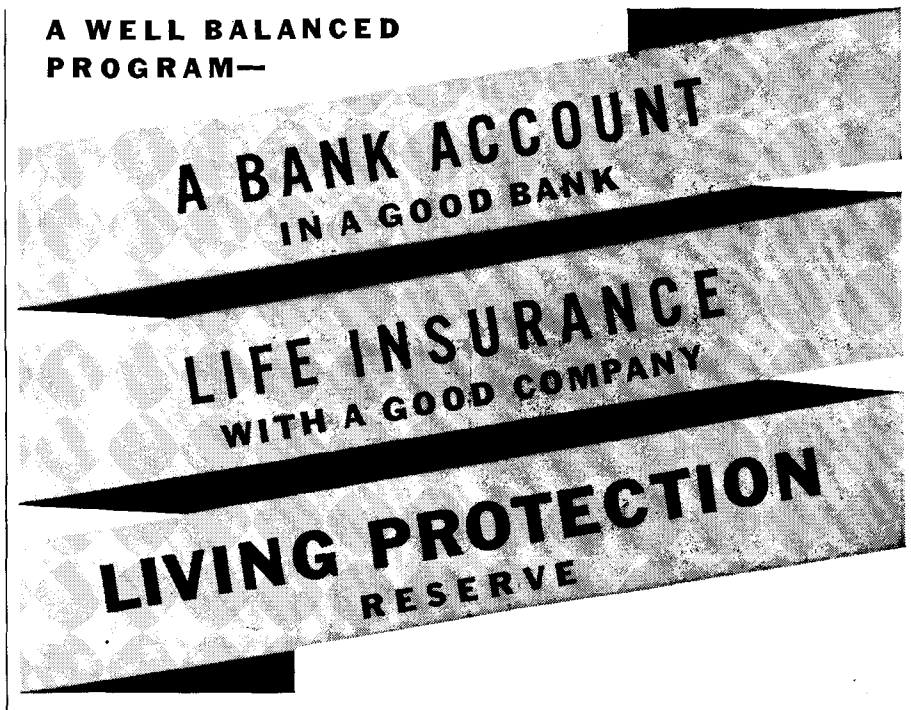
Let the Country Take Part

3. *Encourage private flying.*

One fundamental weakness of aviation in our generation is that despite the increases in air passenger travel only a very small fraction of the American public has ever left the ground. Expert observers are convinced that air transportation cannot enjoy truly American expansion until flight experience is more universal; and that the cheapest and quickest way to infuse air-consciousness into the majority is to popularize safe, inexpensive, private airplanes. Acceptance of airplanes has been much slower than acceptance of motor cars.

In 1934 there were 400 fewer actively licensed planes than in 1933. The disparity cannot be laid wholly to fears based on ignorance and superstition about the laws of flight; on inhibitions about gravity. Comparatively high costs of planes must share the blame. In the thirty-one years since Orville Wright lifted clear of a North Carolina beach, only 44,263 airplanes, of which more than half were military, have been constructed in this nation. That figure does not match a good week's run off the line in a mass-production auto shop. The fact is that builders of private airplanes have been selling over and over to the same customers; to people who can afford a plane in the quality motor-car price class. They have never had what economists would consider profits, have opposed the government's efforts to encourage production of an inexpensive plane—one in the medium-price car range. Eugene L. Vidal, Director of the Bureau of Air Commerce, under great difficulties has managed to let contracts for twenty-five light airplanes. These are to be used by Department of Commerce inspectors for official business. If they prove reasonably safe and measure up to performance specifications, their builders will be aided to set up for quantity production at a price much below

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 41)

that paid by the Bureau for the original ships.

Private flying offers a genuine opportunity for government subsidy to accomplish good. Wise outlay in this field of one half the sum asked for dirigibles would aid several hundred thousand young Americans of both sexes to get into the air in safe little planes of their own—and thus create a boom in manufacturing, in airport construction, in public air consciousness, in commercial air travel, besides forming a potential military reserve. As matters now stand, our licensed pilots decrease in number year by year. Ours is the only major nation which does not lend help in some form to private civilian flyers. There can be no real aviation business until there is a great pool of civilian private flyers; and there will be no widespread private ownership while all good planes are luxuries or rich men's hobbies.

Consolidate the Offices

4. *Establish a permanent federal aviation commission.* Nowadays, when business takes aviation men to Washington they are confused by scattered responsibility and jumbled authority. To get a decision or to gain information, they might have to visit seven different places: Commerce, Post Office, Labor Board, Code Authority, Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Transport Coördinator, and Internal Revenue. Such division of transportation control is one of the public questions which President Roosevelt considers major. Colonel Eastman, his railroad man, favors grouping all transportation under a single head. This seems to be a carded step; whether it will come as a new Cabinet post, or as a federal commission, with a commissioner for each branch of transportation—rails, oceans, air, highway—is not yet apparent. Meanwhile there should be a permanent Federal Aviation Commission to centralize all phases of air commerce: administrative, regulatory and judicial.

5. *Stop breaking commercial aviation into small units.* This policy is contrary to the proved efficiency records of American business. Railroads, through particularly bitter experience, have learned the virtues of centralization in transportation. All the present aviation trouble will have been worth while if aviation is helped to avoid the mistakes of the rails. But aviation will be driven to a long-drawn reënactment of all the railroading blunders unless such current stipulations as the one forbidding any operator to hold more than one primary or two secondary or feeder routes are rescinded.

6. *Clean up the subsidy.* Since 1926 the Post Office Department has paid air-mail carriers $101,561,296.91. Its revenue from sale of air-mail postage has been nearly twenty-eight million dollars: and this estimate does not include the year 1934, nor the great but uncalculated sums received from use of ordinary postage on air mail. It is reasonable to assume air-mail revenue for 1934 was approximately as much as for each of the two preceding years, or about six million dollars. From a canvass of average experience, in office and social usage, I am led to believe that a fifth may be added for non-air-mail postage to the revenue total. Thus, the Post Office has received more than forty millions, or not far from half of what it paid in subsidies. Some routes, incidentally, have actually paid a profit; the only subsidized mail carriers in history to do so.

In the period covered by the foregoing sum expressions the Post Office paid to ocean mail $123,624,658.99—twenty millions more than to air mail.

Air-mail rates paid to large operators have gone down progressively. In 1929 the Post Office paid eleven million dollars for ten million flying miles; in 1933 it got thirty-six million miles for nineteen and a half million dollars. The air-mail set-up, however, remains full of inequalities. Large scale transcontinental operators, flying ultramodern transports with every safety device and every consideration for passengers, bear the mail at speeds in excess of 160 miles per hour on schedule—and receive in pay far less, proportionately, than lines flying slow, inferior equipment and bearing insignificant fractions of the total poundage.

Subsidy has more heads than seven hydræ. It poisons those who give and those who take. Discussions of rates and scales are endless, and mostly unintelligible to your reporter with his small gift for figures. This much I know: governments have always had to pay through the nose for mail carriage, by any means of transportation. Aviation, being a different sort of brat, may prove the exception.

If Farley should order his 46,000 odd postmasters to consider themselves enthusiastic salesmen of the air mail, if air postage were brought still closer to surface first-class rates, if a great campaign were undertaken to lift air mail out of the special delivery class and make usage of it commonplace, the ratio of 3 air-borne pounds to every 200 pounds of first-class mail would swiftly change upward. The rails, with all that remained of the first-class plus all other classes of covers, would not be likely to notice the deflection. The answer to profitable air mail is, therefore, quite definitely up to the government; which now may take a profit from air mail only at the expense of private investors.

Meanwhile, air commerce has a record which it is proud to balance against the subsidy. Transcontinental air-mail delivery has advanced from sixty hours to fourteen; and from clumsy, open cockpit planes to luxurious flying liners. Out of current income, or capital, and often through research staffs of their own, the air-mail carriers have given to aviation science innumerable technical gifts; among others, the de-icer, the two-way radio telephone, the automatic pilot, the airport localizer beam, wing flaps, controllable-pitch propellers. They have supplemented the Department of Commerce Airways in many places and in various respects. Without their help certain important cities would have been unable to complete airport projects; or, indeed, to have airports at all. This is particularly true in the South, where American Airways built and now owns many fields.

The Post Office subsidy, after you deduct the postage revenues, has meant perhaps sixty million dollars. The Department of Commerce expenditures, added to it, might fetch the total government outlay for civil aviation to one hundred and fifty millions. Whereas the sum invested in civil aviation has been estimated at five hundred millions.

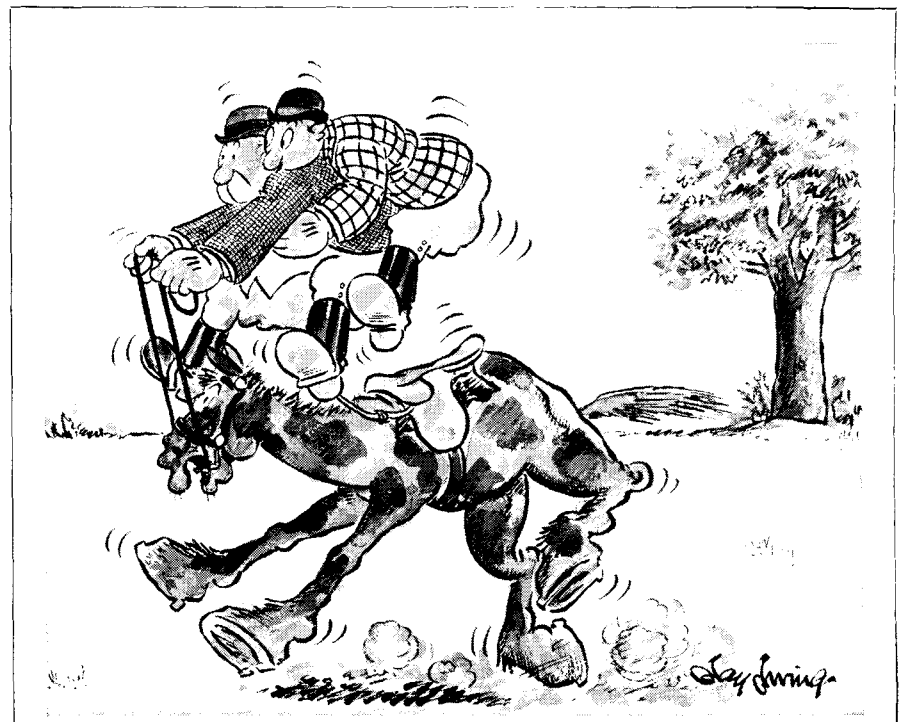
Gift to the Country

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker told me that in his opinion if the government set out to buy for national defense the flight experience, the technical research, the fields, the training of mechanics and other experts, and the reserve of top-notch pilots—which commercial aviation has ready to hand to it in whole if war should come—it would have to expend at least three hundred million dollars. "The government, thus, has not subsidized aviation," Rick declared. "Quite the contrary. The public—the small and the large private investors in commercial aviation enterprises—has subsidized the government, and insured its security!"

In the main lobby of the new Department of Commerce Building the Bureau of Air Commerce has a fine display of airplane models, which it brought from its show at The Century of Progress. They were made by American boys.

Just today I saw a boy there. He wore a flying helmet that was so big the eartabs rested on his shoulders, and when he moved his head back and forth underneath it the helmet never stirred. He was eight years old, he told me. He was making a sketch of one of the models, and planned to build a copy for a Christmas gift to his brother, age six. "I'll probably have to teach him how to fly it," he said tolerantly.

Aviation is man's greatest mechanical triumph over his earthbound fate. It has caused man to lift up his eyes—and his thoughts cannot be far behind. Give them assurance of a future never to be interrupted again, by unemployment, by greed within and politics without their industry, and the young men of flying science will laugh and say: "We'll make our planes go so fast the earth will be too small for us!"



"Does it make you nervous to have someone looking over your shoulder?"
JAY IRVING

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The Sign of the Scorpion

Continued from page 19

position. Rudolf Jahnes was a Scorpio native *in excelsis:* bold, sensual, willful, secretive, of fiery temper. A chemist, too. His apoplectic stroke must have been an influence cast from another aspect, as Scorpio does not rule the head. But I bore you with this shop talk. Let us—"

"Not at all!" cried Harriet. "I believe in it a lot, really."

Tarat smiled.

"The police theory, Mr. Skeane, seems superficial. Review for me, if you will, what you remember, beginning with leaving Miss Lamb."

Tarat listened, put an occasional question, made notes; he avoided staring at Dick. Harriet chanced to catch and hold his gaze for several seconds and was oddly affected. When still and staring, his black eyes were mesmeric; a useful adjunct to his Atlantean science.

"The manner of these killings," said Tarat, after a silence, "indicates lack of premeditation; sudden passion. The nearest club was snatched. Jahnes, the police tell me, was struck repeatedly after death. The killer then proceeded to give his work a premeditated look; a transparent fraud, but revealing that he had some acquaintance with astrology.

"We are offered a culprit in the person of a dark foreigner with apelike arms. An extraordinary creature, whose actions show no recognizable human pattern. Have you had trouble with your heart before, Mr. Skeane?"

"Never."

"What had you eaten or drunk?"

"Nothing since lunch. As I said, Mr. Jahnes made a cocktail, and I tasted Arthur Halowell's. Only the merest taste."

"Flavored with some bootleg preparation," nodded Tarat. "Did Jahnes seem to refrain of purpose from drinking it?"

"He dawdled over it, now that you ask."

"And he told you to drink peroxide of hydrogen. Mr. Jahnes was related to you, was he not, Mr. Skeane?"

"I was his only relative. I imagine that's why Mr. Ralph Shubert of Nassau Street—Mr. Jahnes' lawyer—wants me at the apartment next Friday afternoon to listen to him read the will. Not such good news to me. Arthur Halowell—that means his brother, Henry, now—gets everything, and I get a pair of cuff-links; so I hear."

"Is the estate large?"

"I always thought Mr. Jahnes was well fixed. And he was a careful man. Last year when the banks were going bad, he turned everything into cash, so Mr. Shubert tells me, and put it in a safe-deposit box."

"THE will," said Tarat, "casts a new light on the Crohan killing of last year. Arthur Halowell, we know, was then the valet. After Crohan was killed, he is promoted to secretary, and a will is made in his favor. The police thought him a disinterested witness; but, evidently, he was not such. Throw out his statement, and that of his brother in support, and Jahnes' account of his actions on the night of the Crohan killing becomes incredible. Your Mr. Shubert, who must have the books and papers, can aid us in examining into the affairs of the firm of Crohan & Jahnes, to judge if the partners had quarreled. These three killings seem to be interrelated; the superficial assumption is that they were all done by the same person. This will is to be passed on by Mr. Shubert in the afternoon of Friday next? I shall be there, if quite agreeable, Mr. Skeane."

He rose, ending the interview.

However, he did not return to his celestial maps when the young people were gone, but went to his book-shelves.

Here was rank on rank of tomes with awesome names. Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos, Almagest and Centiloquy; the American Ephemerides and Raphael's; Heliocentric and Geocentric Ephemeris; The Oracle of Isis, the Aztec Zodiac and Arcana, the Astrolabe and the Nodes of the Moon—to mention a few. But he consulted none of these. Going to a shelf of modern medical works, he took down a volume of a treatise on poisons.

"The almond essences and flavors so much used in cooking," he read in this standard English work, "are solutions of the oil in spirit and are highly dangerous in ignorant hands. Enough prussic acid . . . hydrogen peroxide, which changes the acid to oxamid, is an antidote."

HE READ for many minutes. He rose, put on a black overcoat and soft hat of black velours, and strode from the library and the office. He hailed a cab in Thirty-fourth Street below. "Police headquarters."

"And what say all the little stars, Tarat?" queried Police Commissioner Mulrane, looking with wise and tired eyes at his visitor. His tone was bantering, but he had admitted the astrologer at once.

"The stars," said Tarat, "are shedding disastrous twilight on the police department. Your medical examiner certified that Jahnes and Halowell died from blows. Have him look again; for poison, the weapon of the scorpion. A rapid poison that does not mark its victim, so that he seems to have died of heart-failure or apoplexy. If the examiner finds enough to kill, the container may be in the apartment."

"The chief medical examiner," said the commissioner to his telephone. "And Captain Regan of the Homicide Squad."

"It is our method, as you know," said the commissioner, relighting his cigar when he had done telephoning, "to follow through on any information that comes to us, even when it comes anonymously. We don't believe all that we're told, and we don't tell all that we suspect or believe, needless to say.

"As to the Crohan killing: The three people who were in the apartment told stories that relieved them of guilt. Had we learned that any of these three had a motive to kill Crohan, we must have been blocked just the same, as our only possible witnesses were the two others.

"Only now do we discover—in the will—a possible explanation of why these three stood together. The will may have paid the Halowells for their stories. But Rudolf Jahnes, the man who paid, is dead. And if we suppose that Henry Halowell, the only survivor, was paid to kill Crohan, he can't be convicted now for want of witnesses.

"The will casts no light on these new killings; but here Henry Halowell stands out. He had the opportunity, and he was found with the dead. But where is the motive? We have studied his relations with his brother and with Rudolf Jahnes, and find nothing indicative. He seems, in fact, to have had an unusually great love for his brother! Henry Halowell is not the man, if the same man killed both Jahnes and Arthur Halowell. And until you made your interesting suggestion about the

(Continued on page 44*)*

THREE SAVINGS

EVEN IF YOU DON'T COUNT PENNIES

Williams is economical, as every user knows—because a little of it goes so far. But forgetting the saving in pennies for the moment, there are three other savings you are sure of when you use Williams Shaving Cream.

Williams saves your time. It softens the beard quickly, thoroughly—and keeps it soft till your shave is done. You get a close, clean shave without wasting any valuable minutes.

Williams saves your disposition. Its rich lather lubricates your skin; banishes razor-pull. Your shave is pleasant, comfortable, smooth. Your disposition is unruffled.

Williams saves your face. It is so mild and so kind to your skin that it keeps your face conditioned and fit in all kinds of weather.

Even the Williams tube itself is superior—with its attached cap that can't get lost.

After every shave, whether with Williams Luxury Shaving Cream; Glider, the new Williams Brushless Shave—or anything else—tone up your face with a dash of invigorating Aqua Velva.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

You can't lose this cap

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

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KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED

SMOOTH SLEDDIN'

for your throat

If you've never tried a KOOL, try one when your throat feels all smoked out. Ready? Light up! Didn't know *any* smoke could be so refreshing and so good — did you? The mild menthol cools the smoke, soothes your throat, and brings out the choice tobacco flavor. Free coupon with each pack good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet . . . and switch to the cigarette that keeps your throat KOOL.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 43)

poison, Tarat, it couldn't be doubted that the same man had done both jobs.

"Henry Halowell says he saw this man; he describes him. We look for him.

"A complication there is that the door to the fire-tower has no knob or keyhole on the fire-tower side; such doors never have. To suppose that the killer got in from the fire-tower we must assume that the door was open. While we shall continue to look for him, I tell you, Tarat, that I do not believe there was such a man."

"Nor do I, sir," said the astrologer.

"But he is a good jury character, Tarat! He links the killings, and is at least logical enough to cast a reasonable doubt on any other theory of the killings—including your own, which I am beginning to perceive."

"Let us try to rid the case of him, sir," said Tarat briskly. "May I see the paper that was pinned to Jahnes' body?"

The half-sheet on which was penciled the wheel and the eighth zodiacal sign was brought up from the Fingerprint Bureau and put before the astrologer. It was a fragment of a sheet of white foolscap.

"The prints on it," said the commissioner, "are the same as on the paper that was pinned to Crohan. The same person handled both papers."

"The deaths were related," nodded Tarat. "Did you check Henry Halowell's fingers against these prints?"

"It was not done. After all, one of the victims was his own brother; and Henry Halowell told of seeing the killer. And yet, perhaps, the officer slipped up on that detail. Though, really, had they been checked and found to agree, it would have been no certain evidence of guilt, as Halowell might have handled the paper after the fact in trying to revive Jahnes; or Crohan. Until we have a motive for Henry Halowell to kill, we can have no case against him; though the strongest suspicion would attach to him if he had not seen the killer. As you say, Tarat, we must get rid of that apelike foreigner."

Tarat left police headquarters a few minutes later, reëntered his cab and started for the law offices of Ralph Shubert. "Nassau Street!"

THE foregoing recital of circumstances attending the deaths in the Hotel Pomander is deliberately bald and factual to make clear the logical sequence of Tarat's actions. Nothing is referred to occult power; clairvoyance is not invoked when clear thinking explains. If we examine now as austerely the stratagem by which he brought the case to its sudden dénouement, we shall see nothing but his characteristic sleight in manipulating a human problem.

Hydrocyanic acid, commercially called prussic, that deadly derivative of the flavorous oil of bitter almonds, was found in lethal quantity in the body of Arthur Halowell. He had probably had the deceiving blow on the forehead from a fall against the telephone table. In the apartment was found the bottle of almond flavoring, surcharged with the poison. No poison was found in the body of Jahnes.

These facts, changing the direction of the inquiry, had not been published on the following Friday afternoon when Dick Skeane and Harriet Lamb entered the apartment in the Hotel Pomander formerly occupied by Rudolf Jahnes, late of the county of New York, deceased.

Present were Tarat, the detective who had questioned Dick on the night of the deaths, Henry Halowell, Mr. Lipset—the pot-bellied and skinny-limbed little lawyer who had drawn the will and who represented Henry Halowell now—and Mr. Ralph Shubert of Nassau Street, portly, pink and mannered.

Mr. Shubert sat at the table of the fatal dinner and prepared to speak the words that should detach Rudolf Jahnes from human affairs and dismiss him to his reward, if any.

Before him lay the will, and a slim, black box of safe-deposit sort. Mr. Shubert put on his spectacles, coughed, opened the will and said, "In the name of God, Amen."

He read the will aloud, put it down and took off his glasses.

"In everyday language," he said, "the entire estate is bequeathed to Arthur Halowell, represented here by his brother Henry, subject only to a bequest to Richard Rowe Skeane of one pair of solid gold cuff-links. I congratulate you, Mr. Halowell, on a very handsome inheritance."

He placed a benedictory hand on the black box.

"Herein contained," he said, "is the entire estate of Rudolf Jahnes, excepting the articles of personalty in this apartment. Early last year Mr. Jahnes liquidated all his holdings, converted them into cash, and placed them in this box and in a safe-deposit vault. So doubtful was he of the security of the banks that he kept not even a checking account but drew from this box to supply his needs. The sum that he realized was close to three hundred thousand dollars. Except for the modicum that he withdrew to defray his modest expenses, the money is all here. As executor, it is my duty to assemble the assets; I have discovered none other."

"MR. SHUBERT," said Mr. Lipset, his eyes twinkling, "forget that you are a lawyer and let go of that box. I would like to see the money."

"Seeing it, sir," said Mr. Shubert genially, fitting to the lock one of a bunch of keys that Dick had seen last in Jahnes' possession, "is all that you may do until the time for presenting claims is passed. But I can assure you unofficially that there are no claims."

He lifted the lid. The company pressed about him, curious, envious, elated, alert. They saw in the box a folded newspaper of the tabloid sort, filling it snugly. Mr. Shubert lifted out the newspaper, looked in the box, exclaimed, opened the newspaper, shook it. There was nothing else in the box.

"Is this a joke?" snapped Mr. Lipset.

"I am not guilty of such exceeding bad taste, sir," said Shubert. "I am taken by surprise. This was, to my knowledge, the only place of deposit that Mr. Jahnes had. And the money is gone."

"Look!" cried Tarat, pointing to the newspaper. "The queer foreigner that Mr. Halowell saw has got to the box!"

There was the posed photograph of the dark and foreign-looking man running in simian posture toward the fire-tower. About the fleeing figure was penciled the twelve-parted wheel, and in the house that centered the upper right quarter of the wheel was the long-tailed symbol of Scorpio.

"But how in the world—" began Mr. Lipset.

Beside himself with anger, Henry Halowell thrust him away. "It's a lie! There was no such man! I saw no one here but Jahnes and my brother! You won't—"

He ceased, with sudden realization. "I can explain," he said.

"Come down to headquarters and do that thing, Halowell," said the detective. "Much obliged for your coöperation, Counselor. And—especially to you, Tarat."

"'Tarat?'" repeated Henry Halowell, glaring at the astrologer.

"With a little more ethics, Shubert," said Lipset, "you wouldn't descend to a trick like that. Well, where's the money?"

"With a little more knowledge or alertness, Mr. Lipset," said Mr. Shubert, "you wouldn't have let your client be caught by it. You should know that I couldn't take that box from the vault without opening it for the State. If it will ease your mind, the box was empty."

SEATED in his library, Tarat hung up his telephone and turned to Dick and Harriet. He had been talking to police headquarters.

"They have the right man in Henry Halowell. His fingerprints agree with those on the papers that were pinned to Jahnes and Crohan. He has made a full statement, and wisely; the truth is least dangerous to him now. He is a low Aries type, to my mind, with an afflicted Saturn."

He placed before him the radical horoscope of Rudolf Jahnes; his glance went from house to house, and always approving.

"Crohan had lost much of the firm's money in gambling. See!—Neptune in the house of money and in square with Scorpio. Jahnes, fierce of temper and unforgiving — the Scorpio native — flamed into fury at an interview in the apartment, snatched a weapon and struck. Crohan lay dead; Jahnes and the Hallowell brothers arranged their stories. Henry Halowell, who has an astrological bent, thought to mislead the police by putting on the dead man an astrological symbol."

"Then the will was probably blackmail," inferred Dick.

"Beyond doubt. Jahnes was in the brothers' hands. It is to be supposed that they wished to finger his money while he lived; he had none to give, and he dared not destroy their hopes. He would rid himself of them, one or both. Calling on his professional knowledge, he chose a poison hard to detect and rapid. If the poisoning was discovered, it was an accident; in all innocence, he had used this bootleg flavoring. He brought you in, I venture, as the most friendly possible witness.

"But Arthur Halowell felt death at his vitals, guessed what had been done, and got to the telephone. Henry Halowell came hurrying to find his brother dead; and there, offering itself again, was the club that had slain Crohan. He killed as Crohan had been killed; inevitably he thought of repeating the device of the sign. An inevitable chain, written in the stars, from the moment that Jahnes, a year ago, put forth his hand to kill his thievish partner."

Tarat frowned at the celestial map. He could see there, so clearly now, every salient detail of the native's life and death; all. It was always like that. No fact but could be read there, given the fact. The horoscope predicted infallibly what had happened yesterday, so to speak; tomorrow was always harder to read, though not less certainly there.

"For what the estate is worth, Mr. Skeane, it is yours as the only relative of the blood. So Mr. Shubert tells me; because Arthur Halowell died before Jahnes."

"It was an unlucky chance for Henry Halowell when he used those symbols and brought you into the case. Lucky for me, though."

"Chance?" said Tarat. "There is no chance in the universe. In any event, it was not his use of the signs that moved me to interfere. This horoscope—did I not say that it had been ordered? And by Henry Halowell! Such interest in a man who was later found murdered made it my duty to inquire."

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The Marquis of Quicksilver

Continued from page 16

ble not to. Every day she had a telegram from him, a long, nonsensical night letter—first from Baltimore, then from Washington, Memphis, Louisville, Indianapolis and Chicago. And he must have left word with a florist, for every day—although he was gone almost two weeks—a fresh rose was delivered to her desk.

The second Saturday she learned at the office that he'd be back Monday. She was excited at the prospect of seeing him, and she was not a bit displeased. He was something of a rogue, and he was precipitate in manner, but she had to admit he was exciting. Indeed, she was feeling quite kindly toward John Markey when she got home—to find her father once more in conference with John Flynn and some Dublin stout.

"By gorry, it's too bad you missed it, Miss Nora. Your friend, John Markey, was here—"

"What!" She sank into a chair, her cheeks flaming.

"Sure. He waited as long as he could, then he had to rush off to dress for a banquet."

SHE didn't know what to think first. She asked, "How did he know— Oh, he got the address at the office."

"He's a fine chap," said John, wagging his head. "He put us both on to a very good thing. We both took some."

"Took some what?" she asked quickly.

"We'll both make a dollar," her father said easily. "We took stock in Nixon's Chocolate Products. That's a big seller and it's going to—"

Noreen was flabbergasted.

She got up and took angry steps about the room. "This is an outrage! It's bad enough at the office—but he had no right to invade my home and take advantage—"

"Just balance yourself, Noreen darling. You're going three ways at once. I tell you, this Nixon's stock will be a great thing."

"Father, you hush!" She turned to John. "Did he—did Mr. Markey remind you of someone you used to know when you drove horses?"

"Well, he was a bit on the order of Sonny Ogden, the boy race-track plunger."

"You don't know whom I have in mind—and you told me about him in this very room?"

"I do not, Miss Nora." John turned to her father. "Do he put you in mind of some felly we used to know, Mike?"

Nora was so exasperated she could have jumped up and down. "John, John, I'm sorry for you—but Father here—he's been in business, and he should know better than to be swindled by a man like—like the count!"

John said quickly, "Oh, no, Miss Nora. John Markey is not like the count. The count could fool the women, but he never fooled the men!"

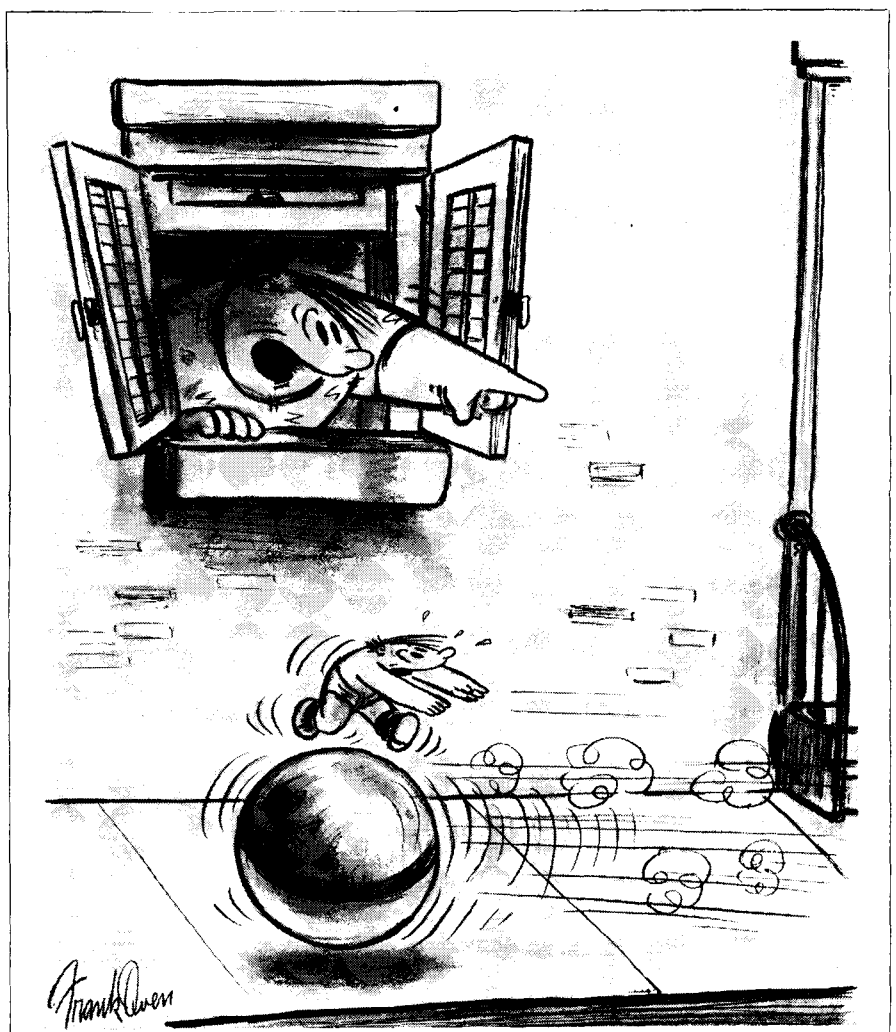
"All I can say is, the Marquis of Quicksilver is an improvement on him, for he fools everybody!"

"The marquis of what, now?"

But Nora had flung out, in tears. Now she had to admit to herself that she had been interested, more than interested; that she had been willing to give John Markey the benefit of doubts and suspicions because she liked him, couldn't help liking him. And he had failed all her hopes and expectations.

That night he telephoned. She hung up as soon as she recognized his voice.

(Continued on page 48*)*



"So you can't understand—you know you're running toward the store for Mamma, but it's getting farther away!" FRANK OWEN

Do As Your Dentist Does— *when he cleans your teeth*

USE POWDER

- **100% Cleansing Properties** Twice that of tooth paste
- **Contains No Grit or Pumice** Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel
- **Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1**

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, one that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

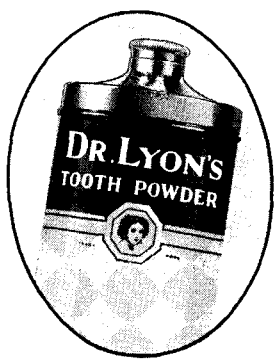
For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life. Free from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.



Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, and your breath so sweet and pure. People by the thousands are changing daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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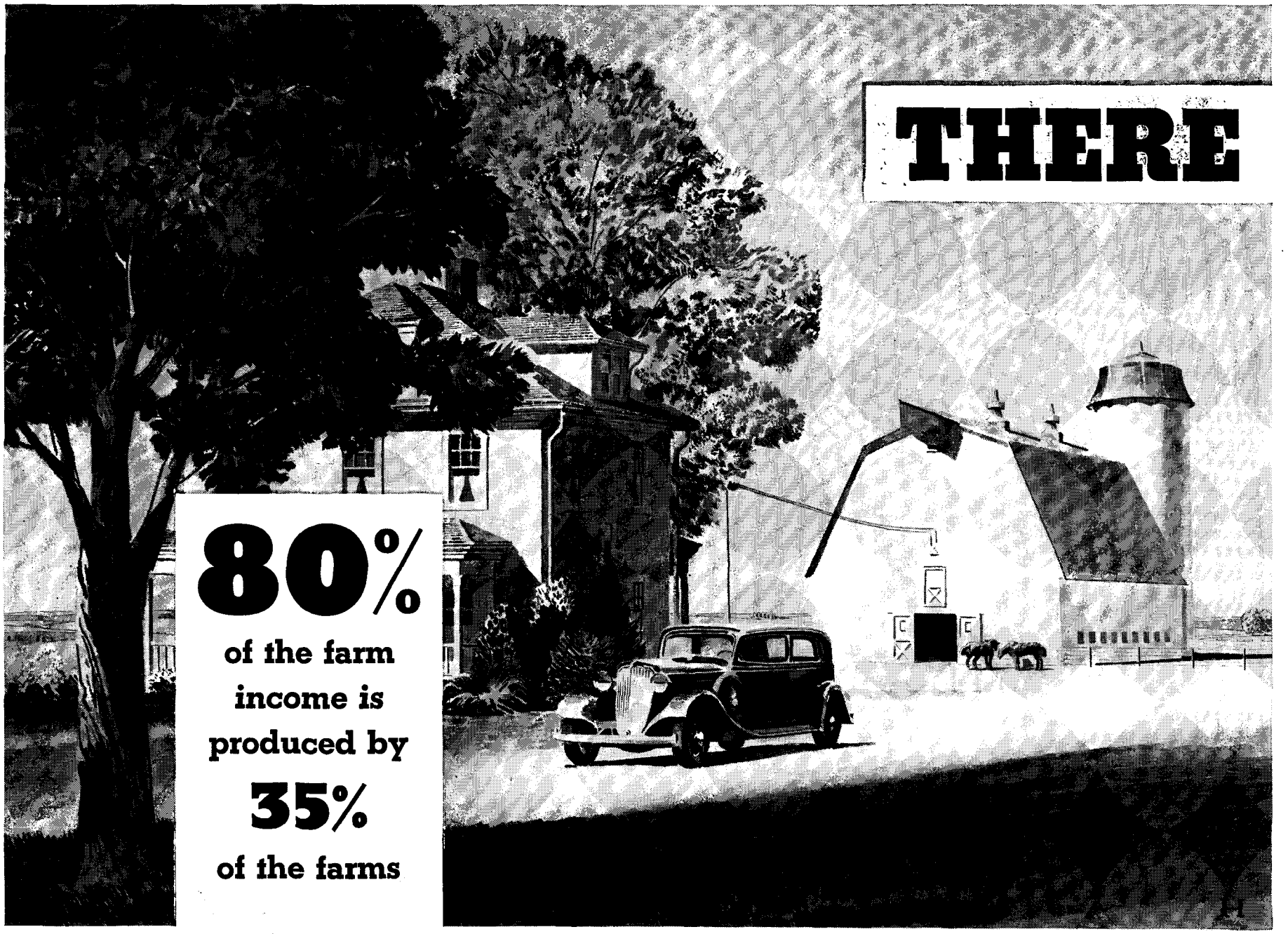

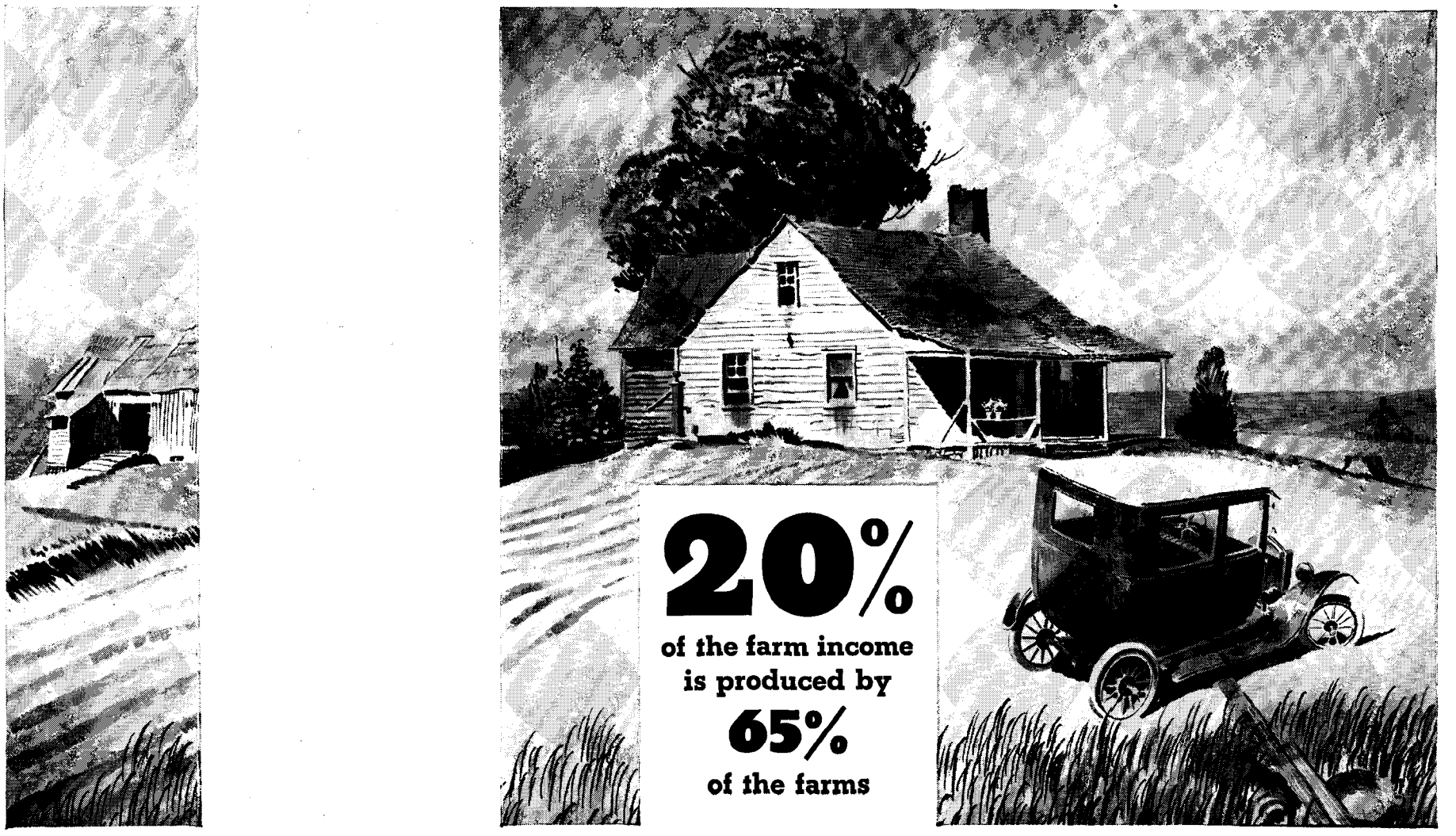

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ARE NO SLUMS in FARM MARKET A

• *it is the rich top-soil of rural purchasing power*

SLUMS in the country? Yes! Tens of thousands of farms, just as poverty-stricken as the poorest sections in cities.

The occupants of these poorer farms are busy day in and day out with the never-ending labor of trying to make ends meet—of trying to make their acres pay. Their minds measure every purchase in terms of pennies—and their purses open only to bargain goods. They form a huge rural market for second-hand cars and farm machinery—for unbranded and parcel post merchandise. They are the "coverage" of many shears-and-paste-pot rural papers.

On the other side, there is another farm market. A market composed of 35% of the farms, and representing 80% of the farm income. It consists of over 2,000,000 farms scattered throughout every section of the United States. *It is rich Farm Market A.*

In contrast, these farms are the thought-centers and action-centers of their communities. Their occupants are dirt farmers, true—but their lives are bigger and broader than their fertile fields. Visit their homes and you find the same cultural discrimination that you find in the nicest homes in town. Talk to these people and you find that they are wide-gauge in their thinking locally and nationally—but prejudiced in favor of branded merchandise. And they have money in the bank to buy—more money, in fact, than they have had in years because of rising prices and incomes. They comprise the nation's greatest rural market—the most responsive market for better merchandise.

35% of the farms—but 80% of the national farm income. That is Farm Market A. A particular kind of market and it can be reached only by a particular kind of magazine. A national farm magazine which is edited—and circulated—with that specific purpose in mind.

That magazine is The Country Home. The greatest percentage of its quality circulation of more than 1,500,000 reaches this rich field. The balance is in the towns where these prosperous farmers buy. It is an intelligent medium, edited for intelligent dirt farmers—and an intelligent place for an advertising dollar to do a selling job.

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In 1933 farm incomes increased 20% over 1932. In 1934, the increase over 1933 was 23%. The drought, instead of being an almost complete collapse of American agriculture, has seriously damaged only 20% of the farms. The resulting higher prices have more than offset the damage for the country as a whole. Farm prices are advancing ahead of prices farmers are paying, so that actual purchasing power is far above any depression year. There's plenty of buying power behind these people who make up this rich Farm Market A.

THE ountry Home

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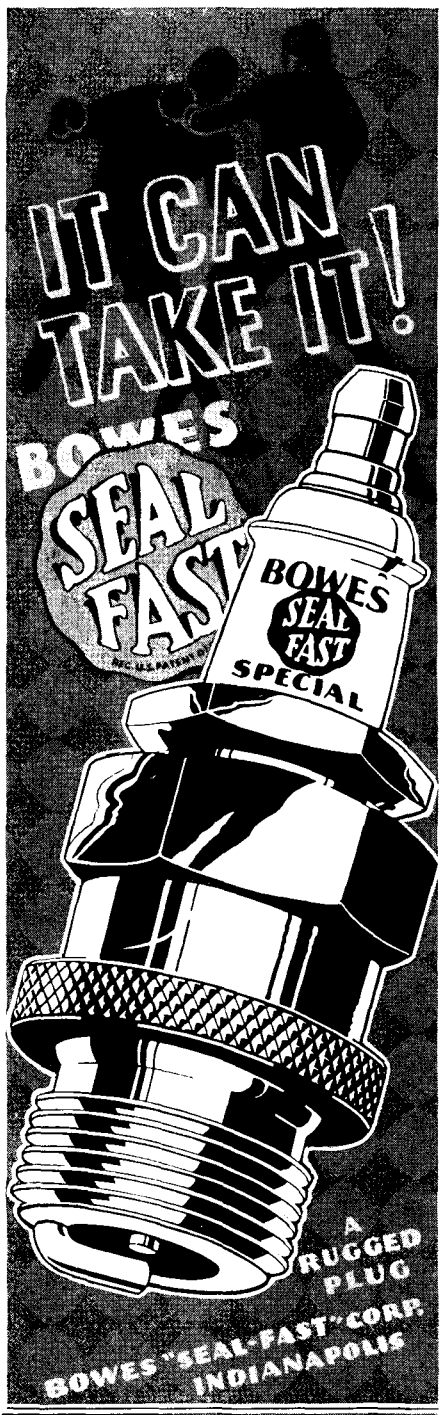

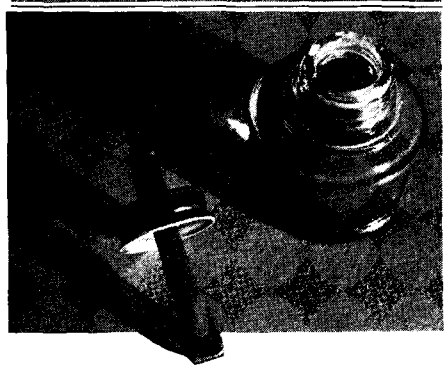

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The Marquis of Quicksilver

Continued from page 45

He telephoned three times on Sunday. She wouldn't answer, and her father had to say she was out.

She didn't see him come in on Monday, for he was at the office ahead of her. About eleven o'clock the man who had hired her came to her and introduced a quiet, confident little blond girl. "She will take your place," he said. "Show her what you can about the desk, and then report to my office."

WHEN she came to him, he smiled at her. "We're surprised and delighted with you, Miss Hughes."

"Well, I'm glad if I've—"

"Just a moment. I'll admit frankly that when you first came to us your manner was so shy and timid and retiring we were afraid you might not be up to—pardon me, almost said 'contacts'—to the encounters of the business world."

"As I told you, I haven't had much experience, meeting people in a business way."

"Exactly. Now we want your mind, your ideas, your reactions, for we know you are clever, and we have just the place for you. In two short weeks outside, you seem to have found yourself. Mind, I don't say that you lacked poise—but in this enterprise you must have something more. You must have force—and, by George, you certainly seem to have acquired it, for one of our brightest young men has put in a bid for your services as his secretary-assistant, and while I had thought to use you elsewhere, I'm going to defer to him. I'm sure you and Mr. Markey will make a great team."

"Mr. Markey?" she breathed.

"Yes—high-powered, and a very quick jumper, but he always lands right side up. Let's go see him."

He led her down a corridor lined with private offices and opened a door. "Here she is, Mr. Markey. She is going to help you and you are going to help her, in every way you can. Good luck to you both."

For a moment after the boss had gone, Noreen and John looked at each other. She was wearing, as it happened, the same blue dress in which he had first seen her—with tan collar and cuffs now, instead of white; and he was in the same dove-gray suit. He smiled and said, "That will be your desk, by the windows, where the light is best."

She came out of her daze. "It will be nothing of the kind."

"What?"

"I am leaving."

He jumped up and stood against the door so she couldn't reach the knob. "Now, just one moment—please, Noreen."

"I don't want to make a scene, but I shall not stay here. I am leaving your office, and I am leaving this company, for good."

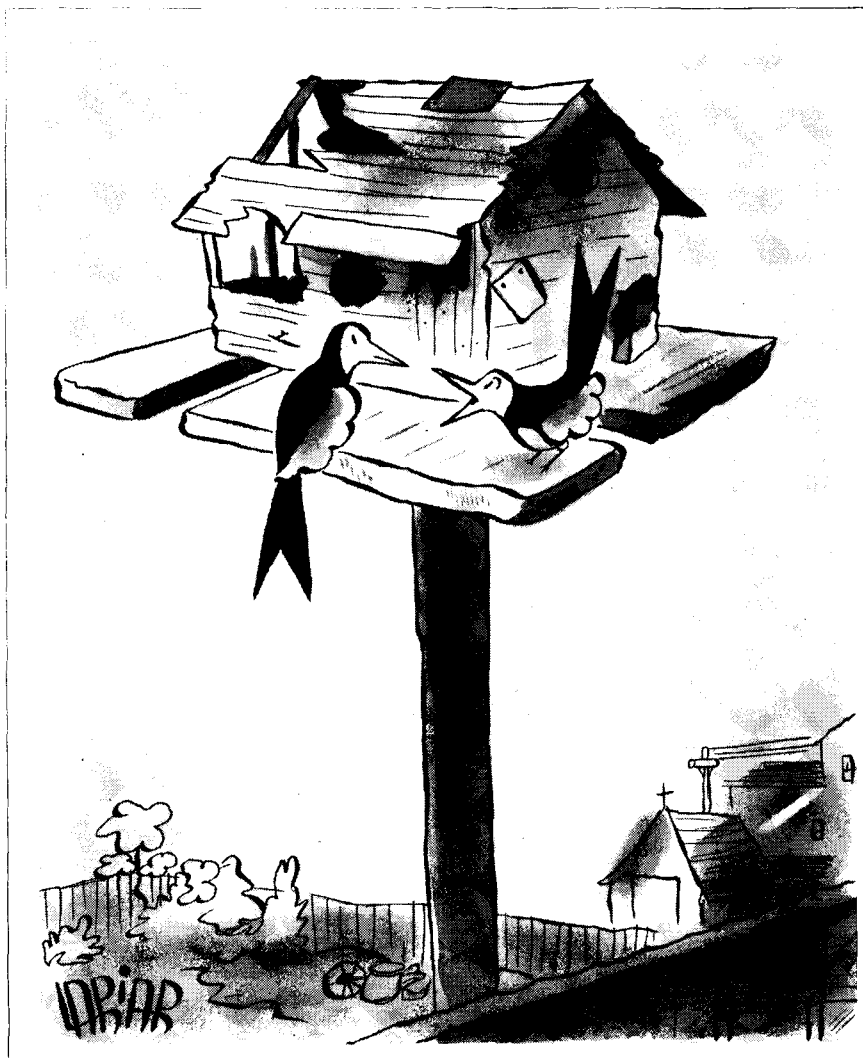
"Very well. Now, if you'll just balance yourself, as your father says—"

She flared out at him, keeping her voice down, "You leave my father out of this. You had no right to go to my home and swindle my father and an old friend of ours!"

His face suddenly was serious. "Swindle them?"

"Yes—selling them—I can't even remember the name—"

He said, "You'll remember it all right! You'll hear and see it plenty. It might interest you to know that stock is worth much more right now than it



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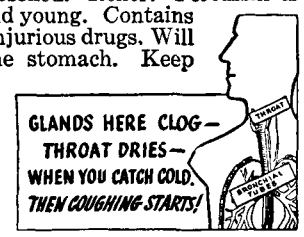

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was last week at closing time, and it's not yet noon. You just sit down and listen to me, young lady!"

Surprised, too surprised to protest when he took her arm and led her forcefully to a chair, she sat down. He said, "I wouldn't advise a friend, or an enemy, for that matter, to buy something unless I knew it to be good. I know all about Nixon's products. The lady you saw me with, the night I borrowed money from your brother-in-law, is Mrs. Nixon."

"Well—well, I mean—"

"You mean perhaps that you thought she was robbing the cradle, being there with me? Well, let me tell you, she is a very shrewd and a very delightful lady. I took her to that roof garden to hear that orchestra because her husband asked me to. He is going to sponsor a radio program advertising his products, and we are handling it. If he hadn't asked me, I'd have suggested it anyway, because she is the wife of the sponsor, and sponsors' wives so often make the decisions. It always cuts across a big loop in the river to go straight to the one who has the say."

SHE looked at him frankly. "I must admit that I thought—"

"You didn't think. You just jumped at conclusions. All right, they call me a jumper, too, but I have to know where I'm jumping. Perhaps you relied on what women refer to so smugly as 'woman's intuition.' Well, men use intuition, too. A woman can be wrong in hers. Oftentimes she is—and it doesn't make any difference. But when a man is wrong in his, it's darned important, for it may mean he's sunk!"

Noreen Hughes wasn't displaying now any of the poise and force and competence she was supposed to have developed at the reception desk. She was looking very small and shy, if not scared. She said, timidly, "You don't have to be so angry about it, John."

"Oh, I don't, eh? So you jumped to another conclusion when you learned I had put your father and his friend on to a good thing—which I had no right to do, and which I did because I liked them both. Henry Nixon is going to spend millions in advertising—radio, and the works. That orchestra you heard will be on one of his programs. I suppose you thought I was requesting tiddle-dee-dee music because I like to hop around on a maple floor! Well, let me tell you—it was at Mrs. Nixon's request!"

"Oh, John—I'm sorry."

"Yes, but you're not half sorry enough. I was even short of cash that night, and had to get it from Walter Kevin. Hey—wait a minute! Wait a minute! Shall I show you Walter's letter acknowledging the return of the fifty dollars?"

"John Markey—don't be horrid!"

"But the thought that I was a deadbeat did creep into your mind, didn't it?"

"Darn you, John, of course it did! Only that day I had been told about a—well, a man who was always in a hurry, just as you're always in a hurry! So there!"

John ran a hand through his sandy hair, turned away, turned to her and grinned. "Hurry? Of course I'm in a hurry. I always hurry. I hurried through Harvard, doing four years in two and a half, and building up a couple of thrifty little businesses to pay my way. Why wouldn't I hurry? Some people may be able to get to destinations without hurrying, but I can't."

"John, I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

"But you will. Now, why did I go to your father last Saturday? Because I knew it was time we got acquainted, for I have an idea he is going to see a lot of me, and we might as well get started!"

"Why, John Markey! If you're not—"

"Well, isn't he? Isn't he?"

"I—I don't know," she said faintly.

He pretended surprise. "You don't know? Why—you know very well he's going to see a lot of me, if he stays around home at all!"

"Why—I never heard anyone talk so!"

"No, but you will. Look here, why do you suppose I sat up nights composing wires to you while I was away? Answer me that! No, I'll answer—because I'm crazy about you! I know what's going to happen, sooner or later, and I don't know about you, but I want to hustle it along!"

Her face was crimson, but she had to look at him, for she was fascinated. The little voice was dinning at her, *"He is the one! He is the one!"* and now she didn't try to shout it down. It didn't even occur to her to marvel that all idea of a long and tender courtship could go forever and so quickly. But she had to say something. "Please stop, John. I'm supposed to be your assistant, and what way is this to start?"

"Just exactly the right way. See—first I do this—" he bent and kissed her. "Then I say, Noreen, sweet, I love you and—"

In a very small voice she said, "And all our lives you'll be in a hurry, rushing here and rushing there—"

He looked at her and said very gently, "You'll never have reason to say that I rushed away from you, sweetheart—and if these preliminaries seem in any way hurried, just bear in mind I'm never one to relax and loll upon my laurels. All my life it shall be my duty and the pleasure of my heart to pay court to you. Oh—damn!"

His telephone was ringing. He answered the call with, "Yes—yes, yes, the printer got it this morning. What? All right—I'll be right with you."

He slammed down the receiver, grabbed a folder of papers, pointed at her with a stiff forefinger and said softly, "Don't move. Don't even change that lovely expression. I have to hurry, but I'll be right back, and I won't be at all fierce. I'll be so—"

SHE stood up, radiant, defiant. "One moment, Mr. Markey. Do I take it that you have proposed to me?"

"Oh, Norry darling, I have, I have! Will you marry me, and—"

She took the folder from his hand and put it on his desk. "Then, since you'll never have to propose to me again, don't you think—?"

"I do, indeed!" He put his arms around her and she put her arms around him. They kissed. It was in every way a kiss suitable to the occasion. Then she pushed him away and put the folder in his hand. "And I suppose," she murmured, smiling, "I suppose that just when you should be saying, 'I do,' you'll have to rush off to see a man—and if we ever do get as far as Niagara Falls, or wherever—"

"No, no! Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon!" He yanked open the door, blew a kiss to her. "Unless you prefer another place. We'll fly out and back! Made tentative reservations this morning!"

She gasped. "John Markey—before you knew! I could—I could slay you!"

"I'll be right back!" He smiled. "I told the fellow at the jeweler's we'd be in to look at rings, at lunch time!"

She wagged her head in mock exasperation. "Shall I call up my father, and tell him our news—or did you tell him Saturday?"

He shut the door, came back to her and kissed her. "By golly, I must be slowing up! I clean forgot to tell him! Let's get him on the phone!"

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 21

made for this brief minute a bride of Mrs. Langham.

Eve repeated, as with discovery in her voice:

"You love charming things, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langham slowly, laying one of the deplorably gloved hands first on the ice box, then on the handle of an omelette pan. "I suppose I do."

"Come in and sit down, Mother." And then she murmured almost shyly: "Make it a—a pleasure . . . dear. Not a duty."

"This is a dear little kitchenette," said Mrs. Langham. "Sweet little place. I should like to cook here."

"You will like this room better, Mother dear."

Mrs. Langham passed through the second open door and stood.

"Is this *yours?*"

"Yes, Mother," said Eve eagerly. But she wanted to guard the precious room from this frail intruder.

"Lovely," Mrs. Langham murmured. "Lovely."

Yet her eyes lit with jealousy, so that she was a queer complication of softness, and admiration, and resentment.

"Stained boards," she said, looking at the floor.

"I have a big rug coming this afternoon, blue, red, green, yellow, lovely rich colors."

"I hope I shan't see it," said Mrs. Langham, unable to keep the pinched quality out of her sudden, harassed laugh. "It will make me remember how Father and I need a new rug at home."

"I hope you will see it," Eve cried. "Surely it's better to see somebody else's new rug than none at all."

But in that voice which long self-repression had spoiled, her mother responded: "Am I allowed to sit down?"

For an answer her daughter put her into the one easy-chair.

Mrs. Langham continued to look round her. . . .

"The couch?" she said reprovingly.

"Secondhand, Mother," Eve replied.

"But in perfect condition, Eve, perfect. Makes me think of my worn springs at home. And flowers?"

"Flowers, Mother."

"You're in luxury!"

"Have the flowers, Mother, please. Please do, dear."

"Oh, certainly not! *Certainly* not!"

EVE took off the white hat slowly, smoothed her hair straight back from her brow in a gesture that her mother knew well. It meant that she might be exasperated; and in a reproving voice Mrs. Langham said: "Don't get impatient with me, Eve, dull as I am; little as you want me."

"Oh, Mother!"

The mother knew, with satisfaction, that the shaft went home.

Eve went through into the other room to lay her hat aside, but Mrs. Langham rose and followed her.

She stared around.

"Oh, it's nice," she said in a little cry as if unable to help herself. "That day-bed—isn't it called?—that's modern, isn't it? That's what girls have now when they set up homes of their own. *I* never had a chance of a home of my own."

"Haven't you one now, Mother?"

"You know quite well what I mean, Eve. A home where *I* matter. *I!*"

"You always matter, Mother."

Mrs. Langham now went over to the windows and took a fold of a curtain between her finger and thumb.

"Silk!"

"Cotton mixture!"

"Silk or cotton, you can't have much left of your bank balance by now."

"I have been having lunch with Sophia and Lennie."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Langham dramatically. "Ah." And she smiled.

She returned to the other room and sat down again in the easy-chair. "Isn't it *beautiful?*" she answered.

"Beautiful, Mother?"

"Their happiness. They're going to be married, you know, Eve, in a very short while. I would like to persuade my baby to put it off, but I am afraid I shan't be able—they're so in love."

"Don't put it off, Mother!"

"I'm surprised at that from you, Eve. I expected you to be hostile about it all, considering that you've never appreciated that poor boy."

"I am hostile about it, but if their minds are made up—"

"Can't you *believe* in love, Eve?"

"Yes, oh, yes. . . ."

"What a pretty bride she'll make," Mrs. Langham cried.

"ARE you expecting a fussy wedding, Mother?"

"I don't understand what you mean by fussy. I am expecting my baby to be married in white, with orange blossoms, and the veil I wore. You remember I used to show you and Sophia that veil when you were little girls."

Indeed, she had shown the veil on all anniversary occasions during their tender years—a veil that they thought glorious then; but would now know to be merely a length of cheap and time-yellowed tulle.

"Sophia won't want to do all that," said Eve quickly.

"I shall persuade her," Mrs. Langham answered, looking meek and mulish.

Eve hesitated, suffering those tender thoughts with which the family never credited her.

Were Sophia to be offered that veil, candidly she would tell the truth about it and refuse it. Should she warn and instruct her sister? That would be futile anyway.

And anyway, it wouldn't be that sort of wedding. . . .

Odd that this old romantic vanity of her mother's should loom larger in her mind, more anxiously, than the whole business of Sophia and Lennie.

Her mother must keep her illusion about the veil.

She said persuasively: "One has to think of common sense, Mother. I'm sure Sophia will. What use would a white wedding dress be to her after? She couldn't wear it ballet-dancing."

"Oh, she's left the Royal Hall—my splendid brave baby," said Mrs. Langham.

"So you know that?" Eve thought, and she assented:

"Yes, Sophia told me at lunch."

"Then kindly don't keep trying to sidetrack me and deceive me. Say what you know if you know it," Mrs. Langham cried out.

"I'm sorry, dear. Aren't you very disappointed about Sophia giving up her dancing?"

"In a way I am, but it seems that Lennie had strong objections to his wife going on the stage."

"That would be the poorest of reasons," said Eve quietly, "for keeping Sophia off it."

"You scoff," Mrs. Langham cried, suddenly working herself up to white heat, as she could do very quickly. "You scoff at all the noblest things in life. It *is* noble for a girl to surrender her

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wishes to her husband's, and it *is* noble of a young man to wish to protect his wife and to keep her out of the public gaze."

"My God!"

"Will you explain what you mean by that silly bit of irreverence, Eve?"

"I mean: is that Lennie's real reason, Mother, for wanting to keep Sophia off the stage? Because, I don't know that she has put herself in a much safer position by doing what she has done."

"How can you!" Mrs. Langham exclaimed. "When she has been clever enough and quick enough, and sensible enough to go and get herself that very job which you threw away with that nice old Sir Edgar Marter."

"So you know that too," Eve thought.

And she said: "I had my reasons, Mother."

"They must have been very poor reasons," said Mrs. Langham. "You must have been making difficulties, as you love doing. He has been extraordinarily kind to Sophia, she tells me. Do you know that last night he took her down to Wimbledon where they live and introduced her to Lady Marter and the daughters, and she dined there—a thing you never did, Eve."

"Did she really, Mother?"

And Eve saw instantly before her mind's eye Sir Edgar bringing Sophia into the Regalia Club.

"Did Sophia describe her evening, Mother?"

"Indeed, yes," said Mrs. Langham warmly. "She is not secretive, like you. She knew I'd be interested, and so she told me everything—down to what they had for dinner and the kind of mats they use on the table. Lady Marter must be a very lavish housekeeper."

"LET it ride," Eve thought to herself. She was at a loss. She said after a pause:

"Well, I expect you and Sophia will have your way, Mother. About the wedding, I mean, and about everything. Has Lennie no objection to his wife taking an office job?"

"He gave way," said Mrs. Langham, "before Sophia's determination."

Eve could hear Lennie saying sharply: "Women must work these days. . . ."

Mrs. Langham went on:

"He told me that he was sorry to give way, of course, but that he didn't want her to feel too tied down by matrimony at first; in fact, it is suggested that they should live with us. 'She'd feel the parting from you very much, Mother,' he said to me. He calls me 'Mother' already. And then he said: 'With Eve going off as she has, you'll want someone at home to whom you can turn for a little affection and advice.' I appreciate him, dear boy."

"What does Father say, Mother?"

"Nothing. Father's not demonstrative, as you know."

Eve echoed: "Father is not demonstrative."

Quiet, gray, *lazy* man.

INTO Mrs. Langham's eyes as they traveled the room, finally resting upon Eve's phone, came a certain spitefulness.

"You have a *telephone!*"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"The usual communications, Mother."

"Oh, don't try to be witty with *me!*"

"It—it hadn't been taken away . . . I found it here. And—and I shall keep it," Eve said.

"You're glad to be able to have all your money for yourself now, I can see."

"May I keep all my money for myself?"

"You can keep your money *and* your wit, Eve. I require neither."

Mrs. Langham impressed then, at length, upon this daughter that the flat at Dulwich would be amply funded now by softer hearts, more open hands, than hers. "Lennie and Sophie are wonderful!" was her song.

So Eve agreed. "Very well, Mother. If you have Sophia and Lennie, both wage earners, living in the flat, you don't need my help any more. After this week, I will only give it when you ask for it."

"We shall not ask, Eve."

And then that state of indignation into which she could lash herself with or without provocation conquered Mrs. Langham entirely and swept her along.

"So be it, Eve," she said. "So be it. I have every confidence in Sophia and Lennie. I am glad that I shan't want your grudging help any more."

"I never grudged—"

Her heart ached; and she knew that her mother knew it and was gratified.

"We've lost you, Eve; we are aware of it. Well, Father and I have something to be thankful for that we can put an affectionate son in your place."

(Continued on page 52)

"Why didn't you come to see me sooner? You seem to be all over it now"

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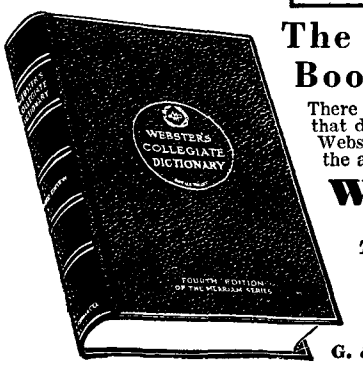

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(Continued from page 51)

With this Mrs. Langham left, but this time, as she passed through the scrolled gate, she gave a little titter at it derisively.

She was angry, and confused, and frightened, but she would only let this daughter know the anger.

So she thought.

This daughter knew all. Quivering to the notes of anger and helplessness and fecklessness and fear as if every oversensitized nerve were a violin string, she suffered.

But hard sense, acquired after many a lesson, kept her silent. "I'll be wanted; I'll save myself for the emergency. . . ."

Quite a long time after her mother had left her Eve sat perfectly still, with her hands over her face, trying to wash the memory of that familiar, distressing little scene from the room.

She knew that Mrs. Langham would come back; and her father, and Sophia and Lennie; they would never leave her to be happy alone. "But they have gone now," she thought. "They have gone for today." A clock outside chimed five.

And she remembered that before seven Jonathan Horne would be here.

WHEN the clock outside struck five, she jumped up from the chair—her first very own chair, the soft, lusciously easy chair—and went hatless out into the informality of Bloomsbury streets. She had already determined on the nearby little shops which would supply her, and now she bought cocktail materials, and eggs, and charming, exciting little foods like anchovies, and stuffed olives and bottled soups and fruits to eat next day; or rather, she bought more than she could possibly want to eat next day, because she longed to see the shelves of her limited larder filled. She wanted to complete the pictorial effects in the kitchenette.

And there was another thing.

She knew that she had long been in rebellion against her mother's code of housekeeping, the code which said virtuously: "We just have plain food here," and which proceeded to arrange that plain food of the cheapest, the meanest, the least appetizing ingredients, dealt with in the least inspired manner.

Mrs. Langham saw positive merit in untempting food—save for some special effort taken on Sophia's behalf or on her husband's—though never for herself or for Eve. This was one of her affectations along with the other affectations of the professing household martyr. So that now, Eve said to herself with a high heart: "Fruit and cream, and grape-fruit juice, and ice, and salads!" And she took her shopping basket home—splendidly full.

"Oh, I am happy," she thought—despite Mrs. Langham.

Although she wanted to be back in the exquisiteness of her own flat, she could hardly leave the streets on this summer evening; the streets with their welcoming air to a young woman with an exciting shopping list. The air was lovely; at once fresh and hot, and Bloomsbury Square had not yet accumulated the dust and the weariness of the later season.

If only she were as free of her family as she had told her mother she would be, she would have felt that she turned towards a limitless horizon. . . .

She mixed her cocktails from a recipe, and, shaking them up in a milk bottle, corked them down and put the bottle in the ice box; and then she went to dress.

The bathroom was not her own. She shared it with another tenant on the landing below, but that made very little drawback to perfect happiness. What a pleasure to make oneself beautiful in this darling flat, before a long mirror, with no Sophia bobbing in front of her, with no voice raised in protest over this or that! Without hurry!

She was ready about five minutes before Jonathan Horne rang her bell at the street door and, the street door being open, made the ascent without further ceremony.

They saw each other with the sun still falling through the skylight on each of them, though it had now taken a westward slant.

The Italian gate was shut between them, and Horne, surprised by it at the top of those winding narrow stairs, had a sudden whimsical impression of looking at forbidden beauty behind the grill of its mysterious door.

He laid a hand on the gate and laughed before they greeted each other.

"What an idea! Yours?"

She unfastened the gate and let him step in.

"The white frock tonight?" he said at once; "the triumphant mood?"

"How did you know that?"

"I observe."

She thought to herself:

"Yes indeed; he observes everything."

And, as usual when she was with him, she rallied her defenses.

She had bought a stubby oak chair suitable to a hall, and had placed it on the landing. On this he deposited his silk hat, his gold-headed evening cane leaning against the chair.

She waved him through the open door of the sitting-room. When he had entered, he stood looking round him and listening.

He could hear the opening of an ice box, the swish of liquid, and the pleasant tinkle of the ice.

He advanced to take from her the tray with the cocktails upon it.

And still he observed everything.

"Progress," he commented in a voice of congratulation; and she answered simply, with a joyful sigh:

"I think so."

He remarked with the smile that crooked his long mouth only at one corner: "I see the curtains got finished."

"Yes."

Glass in hand, she went to the window, to straighten unnecessarily one of the golden folds. She had to feel things—the lovely things—her own! Whatever one had mentioned in that room today—the armchair, the divan, those golden curtains—she would unconsciously have gone and touched it. She loved the room and must caress it.

He watched her intently.

That kind of a girl? Yet apparent contradictions of character should not puzzle any knowledgeable man. People were a mass of complexities which were—except to the most astute psychologist—apparently unrelated.

And on that diffuse thought he made a sudden decision.

He would dine here tonight, and she could cook for him.

"Am I the first visitor?" he asked intimately.

"No. Unfortunately my mother came this afternoon."

"Your mother? *Unfortunately?*"

"I *told* you about them," she cried excusingly.

FOR a moment her eyes took him off his guard, so childlike was their self-apology.

"I remember. We had an argument about it in my car, I think. I'm told all that sort of thing is a common family problem today, now that girls are getting so ruthless."

"'Ruthless'?"

"Refusing to make burnt offerings of themselves!"

There was an impish quality in her smile when she exclaimed after a pause: "You're trying to annoy me."

"Indeed, no. I am just a man who

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believes in everything in its place."

"And every woman in her place?"

"Of course. I am a very orderly man." He tossed off his cocktail, and looked reflectively into his glass. "Women are a disorderly lot." He noticed the quiver of her hand as she refilled his glass from that homely shaker on the tray; and that the shaker was a milk bottle.

"A proof of modern woman's ingenuity," he said, indicating it.

"I must buy a proper cocktail shaker."

"Why?"

She looked at him. Was he actually suggesting she should not shake a cocktail here—in her own home? She cried:

"Why not?"

He pretended meekness.

"Now I think you are trying to quarrel with me."

"You make me rather angry," she said.

"I am sorry. Let me try again. . . . Won't you give me some more of your news?"

"My news would bore you. You can't really be amused in coming here, congratulating me on my curtains, listening to my small affairs."

"Disclaiming the word 'amused,' why shouldn't it interest me, if you please?"

She sketched a gesture.

"Oh, it isn't worth talking about; it's all so plain. . . . Because you have a beautiful flat, and country houses to go to, and a wonderful car. . . . You have *everything*."

"Everything? I haven't."

"What could you possibly want that you haven't got?"

"That which is the most difficult thing for any man to find." Then he laughed again. "But since, after all, I don't want it so very much, perhaps I shan't worry about it yet."

HE EMPTIED his glass again and put it down on the tray.

She was still sipping her first and only cocktail slowly. He watched her and suggested to himself that actually she might be unaccustomed.

"I suppose," she said, "I have only wanted very simple things so far, or things which would seem simple to you."

"Tell me what you want."

"Nothing—now that I have this."

Her look swept the room very proudly.

"Independence?" he suggested softly.

She picked up the cocktail tray and made as if to carry it into the kitchenette. When she turned from him, his gaze intensified; the way her head was set upon her neck, the high burnish of her hair, the poise of her shoulders, and the suggesting way in which the *décolleté* of that white frock framed her almost equally white back—nothing was lost upon him.

He answered gravely:

"Yes, indeed you have made yourself a charming home. Won't you give me dinner in it?"

"Dinner? I couldn't possibly cook a dinner here that would satisfy *you*."

"Perhaps you're mistaken," he suggested. "And perhaps I can cook too. I have been complimented on a good many dinners that I've turned out over a camp fire in some of the most benighted spots in the world. However . . ."

However, arrested in the doorway, holding the tray, she was amazingly fascinated by such a proposition. He had the faculty, this man, of making her angry, humble, unhappy, proud, gay or at ease. He must be dangerous indeed to control so many moods in another before it could be realized that this was what he had set himself to accomplish!

But her mood, as she stood there with a sudden laugh on her lips, was the last mood; the mood at ease.

He had dropped into a caressing, intimate, kindly expression. He was not the Jonathan Horne of the brusque, strong temper, with the decided and arrogant views on the ways of women.

He was a friend.

The flatterer was absent too. The admiring courtier—a part which he could play in a moment—had slipped from that room.

A friend stood there.

"Oh," she regretted, "you know that I must be at the club at seven-thirty. I dine there every night."

"I'll tell you something," he said, still in the way of a friend. "If you give me dinner here, Fero won't mind at all, and I will deliver you at the club at eight-thirty."

"I am sure Fero wouldn't let me."

"Allow me to try." He was already at the telephone. "Already installed?" he said, indicating it. "Most business-like lady. You find it very necessary, I expect?"

"Not yet, but . . . it's nice to have it, isn't it?"

Again the childlike look.

He lifted the receiver and commenced to dial the number.

"I'm sure you're going to wash up your glasses at once—so new to all this as you are. Run along, then, my dear; and I will speak to our friend Fero."

"My dear."

But everyone said "my dear." In the case of Horne, if he had not been so casual, so friendly at this moment, she might have remembered their first encounter. As it was, obeying him, she stepped across the landing to the kitchenette, hoping . . .

Yes, hoping that Fero would let her stay.

She felt serene and wonderful in the suddenly realized ability to give a guest—and such a guest—a meal at a moment's notice. Her brain busied itself with quick plans; but she could not help keeping an ear open for that one-sided conversation over the telephone.

"Regalia Club . . . Captain Horne speaking. I wish to speak to Mr. Fero at once. . . . That you, Fero? Captain Horne. I want you to excuse Miss Langham from dining at the Club tonight and let me bring her along at eight-thirty." And then there was a pause during which Fero must be answering, after which Jonathan Horne continued in the suavest of voices: "Miss Langham would like me to dine at her new flat . . . Yes. Yes . . . Very lucky indeed. I appreciate it. Goodby."

WHEN he hung up he faced a disturbed girl in the doorway and he felt a little compunction, but not much. He had meant deliberately to explain to Fero that he was dining in Eve Langham's flat. He meant to throw exactly that implication into his voice; and he was prepared to meet her reproof.

She thought him a cad?

At that he felt a definite dismay to which he hardened himself.

Her voice came impetuously:

"You shouldn't—"

"Shouldn't what?"

He showed an easy surprise.

"Shouldn't have put it just like that; in that tone."

"My dear, don't distress yourself. I hope I haven't offended you. It was done in all innocence of heart, I assure you."

She looked at him, baffled. Just now—a friend; and then he slipped away again; his motives, his thoughts, hidden from her.

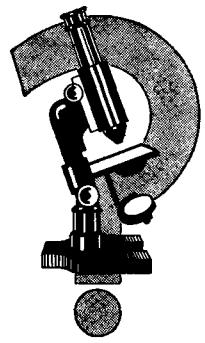
Again he made her feel uncertain of herself, her judgments, her gestures.

She said, hesitating: "I am terribly careful. I know it. But . . ."

His laughter!

"You must get more used to being an independent lady." And he said: "Now where's this kitchen?"

(To be continued next week)



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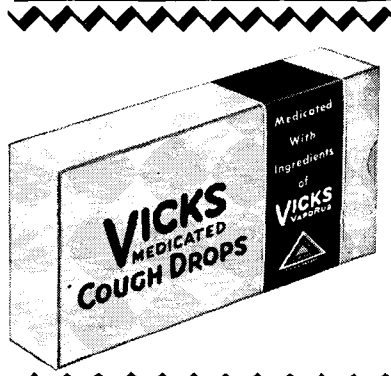

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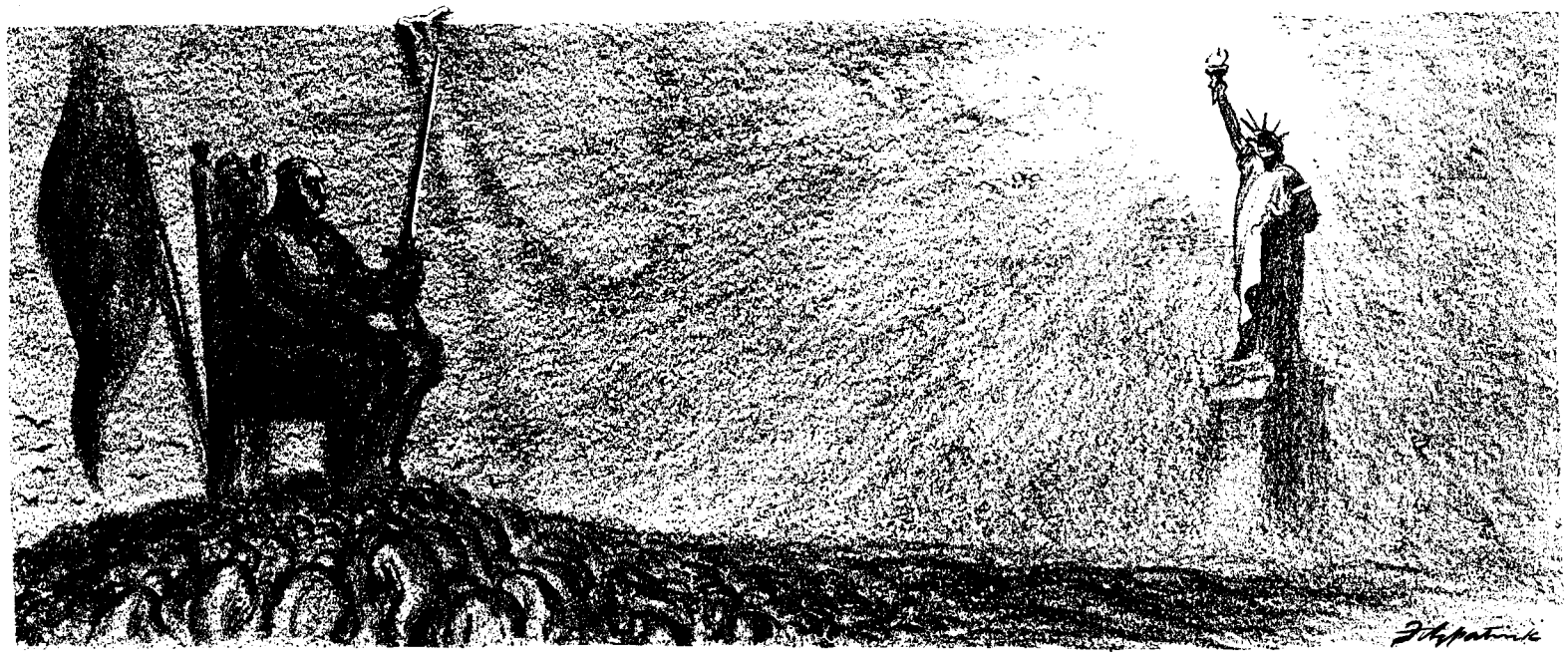

We'll Have Our Way

WE AMERICANS are a peculiar people. Our roots go back to every land. In our heritage are the traditions of all peoples.

America has changed us all powerfully and subtly, regardless of our racial origins or national inheritances. The Germans who settled in the United States became different in important ways from those who remained in Germany. So, too, did the Italians and the Irish and the Scandinavians and the migrants from all other racial groups. Even the Englishman who becomes American differs sharply from his brothers who remain at home.

One explanation is that America has historically offered a way of life which attracted some people from nearly every land. Economic opportunity was the great beacon. The young, the ambitious, the hardy crossed the ocean to found a new home because the chances of rising in the social and economic scale seemed more favorable here.

Material prosperity was not, however, the only lure, and for many it was not the principal attraction. From the time of the American Revolution many came to these shores because of the greater freedom which was offered.

This liberty and the rights of the individual are being more vigorously challenged today than at any other moment within the last seventy-five years. In Europe new teachings which deny the essential principles of our life dominate at least three great nations.

Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler in their separate ways are the foes of liberty and of the rights of individual men and women. In Russia, in Italy, in Germany, the individual has no rights against the state.

Mussolini and Stalin especially delight in announcing liberty as a bourgeois vice. To the dictators, Fascist and Communist alike, people exist for the state, not the government for the people. The will of the government or the fear or the caprice of the dictator is the highest law.

A Stalin can order a Red Terror and a Hitler can purge Germany by killing in cold blood men he fears or of whom he is suspicious.

When we hear light-minded talk about the United States going Fascist or going Communist, it is well to remember how alien these doctrines are to everything essentially American.

We have lived through difficult experiences many times. The years immediately following the Revolutionary War were not so easy, either for the government or for the people. We wrote our Constitution while the guns of battle were still cooling, but we were calm enough to write into that document expressions of principle and of faith which are still the vital essence of our national being.

The objects mentioned in the very preamble to the Constitution are worth remembering. We adopted our basic law, among other purposes, in order to "promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

These general statements, broad as they are, did not satisfy public opinion, which demanded greater assurances that the liberties of the people would not be impaired. So the very first session of Congress submitted twelve amendments to the legislatures. The first ten compose what has since been known as the Bill of Rights.

The Bill of Rights mentions specifically all those infringements of liberty from which Americans had suffered before the Revolution. The right of the people to bear arms—not necessarily revolvers—was guaranteed and then the interesting words were written in the Constitution: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated."

The first act of a Fascist or Communist government would be to abrogate that vital pillar of our republican government.

Not content with specifying all of the particular rights which occurred to them at the moment, the founders of our basic law added two more amendments. One said: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." The second, similar in tone, said: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

Such are the principles which, woven into our customs and traditions, have helped to make us politically a peculiar people. Liberty may be a vice to a Mussolini or a Stalin or an inconvenience to a Hitler, but it is part of the birthright of every American.

Our modern life is so vastly complicated that inevitably the government has been asked to do many things undreamed of when the nation was organized. Men need the help of the government in order to live. Unquestionably, during the long years ahead we shall have more and more governmental activity and governmental regulation of private activity. The very material facts of our individual civilization will drive us along that road. The New Deal is here to stay.

The Constitution is broad enough to encompass a vast growth of governmental enterprise. The public welfare section and the emphasis on human rights express the very spirit of our modern effort. We are in no danger while we cherish that spirit. Our laws sought to perpetuate liberty because the people responsible for it cared passionately for liberty.

So long as we, too, care, we can solve our problems without abandoning the qualities and the privileges which make Americans a distinct people in the family of nations.

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